

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 14, 1961

25 CENTS



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SWIMMING STAR**

*Frank Wilk*

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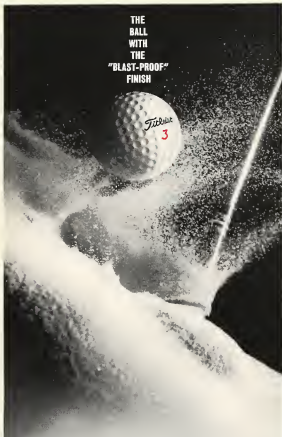
Richard Brooks, author of the musical *The Pajama Game*, reminisces on the life of a houseboater in Iowa—you can do it Huck Finn or gray-funnel style. Either way is fun.

In color pictures, Jerry Cooke displays the splendor and the gentle beauty of the gilded age that lingers still at the water-side and in the courtes of the French resort of Deauville.

St. Louis' Judy Toruente, who won her first major golf title at the age of 7, not only is a remarkably engaging 16-year-old but she may be one of golf's best prospects ever.



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Publisher: Sidney L. Jarrow  
Advertising Director: L. Callaway Jr.  
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AUGUST 14, 1966

# SCORECARD

## FRIENDLY ADVICE

Bob Friend of the Pittsburgh Pirates, speaking as the National League's player representative, suggested last week that major league baseball players want two All-Star Games because baseball fans want two games. Friend said attendance figures from the second All-Star Games prove the fans' interest in continuing the second game.

The attendance figures prove nothing of the sort. Since two All-Star Games were introduced in 1959, the first games have drawn 110,011 to ball parks with capacities of 108,741 while the second games have attracted 125,318 to stadiums with capacities of 195,857. In short, the first games are sellouts, the second games are far from it.

The players are for the second game because it helps beef up their pension fund, particularly when 60% of the \$250,000 that NBC pays for the television rights is added to 60% of the net gate receipts. (The pension fund is now so solvent that any player who has spent 10 years in the majors will soon receive \$250 a month at the age of 50.)

Friend and his playmates probably would be willing to play a third, or even a fourth, All-Star Game, but the fans, upon whose continuing loyalty the pension fund ultimately must depend, evidently feel that two games are one too many. So do we.

## ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

The newest idea in water sports comes from New Haven, Conn., where the nation's first skin-diving country club has opened. It is called the New Haven Ocean Club, Inc., and it already has enlisted 100 members with dues ranging from \$50 per person to \$75 per family. The club has a 15-room clubhouse, a cocktail lounge, a skin-diving pro shop and a 300-volume sea-oriented library. The club also charters boats and charges its members \$1 for two to four hours of spearfishing and \$5 for an all-day outing.

The idea for a skin-divers' country club popped into the head of Louis Despres, one of its present four owners,

when he overheard a wife complain to her husband that she was a "skin-diving widow." The NHOC is trying to increase its membership to 300, and it plans to stay open for 10 months of the year, closing only in January and February. A similar skin-divers' club is being planned for Santa Monica, Calif., and may open next year. We wouldn't be at all surprised to see a lot of such clubs. After all, skin-divers are willing to spend money for the enjoyment of their sport, one of whose pleasures is relative solitude. Anyone sick of crowded beaches can find plenty of space below.

## WHAT PRICE ODDS?

College sports press agents passed a resolution in Chicago last week asking newspapers not to mention betting odds and point spreads on college games. This is like putting a Band-Aid on a broken leg. The big, determined gambler has his bookie to help him with odds, and only the occasional bettor makes use of the published odds. Crooks who bribe boys to shave points have their own sources of information. The press agents (they prefer to call themselves "information directors") would have done better to address themselves to their superiors, the college presidents and athletic directors, to urge better policing of college sports, a little more emphasis on ethics and a lot less emphasis on recruiting and box-office receipts.

## TALKING DELEGATE

Jack (Doc) Kearns, whose doubletalk has been heard around the arenas for at least half a century, admits that he is becoming a walking delegate. "We've got to unionize everything to have a federation of professional sports," he proclaimed recently. Kearns is palavering with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and keeping one eye on the antitrust laws. Speaking of his urge to organize, Doc (many con men are nicknamed Doc) added: "It's got to be on an employee-and-employer basis, within the law and all that stuff to make it legal." He is not wedded to Jimmy Hof-

fa, and claims he has talked to George Meany, who once remarked that Kearns would get into the AFL-CIO "over my dead body." Kearns wants to organize fighters, jockeys, trainers, golf caddies and automobile drivers. Eventually, no doubt, he'll want to include badminton and chess players as well. His objective is to give them pension and welfare funds, with places to go when they're sick. What his cut will be, Doc Kearns hasn't yet said.

## HEART ON THE HIGHWAY

Nothing gives us such a superior feeling as tooling over country roads in our old Mercedes, top down, radio tuned to Stan Kenton, blouse riding shotgun. Well, the other day the Mercedes gave up, and



we turned to a classified section in the Sunday *New York Times* to look for a replacement under the heading: IMPORTED AND SPORT CARS. There was an untraced A.C. Bristol D2 for only \$3,450 and a white Austin Healey with wire wheels and overdrive for \$2,295. But then we hit the real bargain. The listing read: "AFGHAN, magnificent, AKC, silver blue, 3 mos. old, male, \$300."

## PAYING TO PLAY

The professional football exhibition schedule began last week. On Saturday evening the New York Titans played an American Football League exhibition game against the Dallas Texans in Dallas. From now on both the National and American leagues will be playing exhibitions in places like Greenville, S.C., Hershey, Pa., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Spo-

*continued*

GOOD YEAR





# New Captive-Air Double Eagle with its "inner spare" ends blowout worry, eliminates flats



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**2. "Inner spare" protection.** This tough nylon-and-steel cord "inner spare" makes this the *only* premium tire that gives you a *second chance*. A second chance against dangerous blowouts. A second chance against punctures. A second chance against any road hazard that threatens your tires, your trip, even your life. If the outer tire is ever damaged, the Captive-Air Safety Shield carries the load—for up to 100 miles!



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Captive-Air Double Eagle...the tire that doesn't go flat

# GOODYEAR

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kane and even Honolulu. Only a few of these exhibitions make any money for the teams involved. Last week's game cost the Titans \$10,760 (\$8,349 for round-trip jet travel to Dallas and \$2,411 for eating, lodging, local expenses for 48 players).

For many, it's going to be a long and expensive fall.

#### THE GOES TO THE DRIVER

Heavy traffic areas of New York bloomed last week with green-and-yellow cardboard signs. They are affixed at about chest height to lampposts and traffic-light stations. **PLAY IT SAFE!** The signs advise. An umpire's hands make the "safe" gesture, and Mickey Mantle (who walks more than most) is shown at the completion of a swing. "Mickey Mantle Says—Cross at Corners Not mid block." Athletes advise us these days on what cigarettes to smoke, hair tonic to buy and colorful shirts to wear, so using Mantle to promote civil obedience seems a natural step. What does Roger Maris say?

#### RIDE TO THE FINISH

For the last eight racing years the jockey championship has fallen between two riders, Bill Hartack (1955-57 and 1960) and Willie Shoemaker (1953-54, 58-59). This year young Johnny Sellers got off to a good lead in the race for the riding title, but in the past two months Bill Hartack has been whittling away at it. Whereas Sellers at the end of June led by 62 winners, he is now only 45 ahead of Hartack. Perhaps the biggest surprise thus far, however, is that Robert Nono and Herbert Hinojosa, both age 25, have climbed into positions four and five in the national standings. Last year Nono finished in a tie for 20th in the standings while Hinojosa was tied for 26th. Both are relatively unknown to the casual racing fan. As the chart below indicates, should Sellers—who took a

week's vacation from riding last week—be hit with a suspension, Hartack and Shoemaker, too, will be closing fast on him.

#### NEGLECTED GIRLS

In track meets at Moscow, Stuttgart, London and Warsaw, the female of our species proved far less deadly than the male. U.S. men won every meet. The women's team was defeated four times. The exception, of course, was Wilma Rudolph, who bettered her own world's record for 100 meters with an 11.2 time in Stuttgart. On her return to the U.S. last week Wilma had a ready explanation for the comparatively poor showing of the American girls. They are not invited to top meets in the U.S. and they are neglected, Wilma said, whereas the girls in Russia and other European countries receive the best training available and are considered as important as men.

In reply, Dan Ferris, honorary secretary of the AAU, said his organization had been trying to stimulate more track events for girls in high schools and colleges and to get them equal training. "There is no question," Ferris said, "but that girls in Europe receive better training and treatment."

The 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo will provide the U.S. with stiff competition for national prestige as well as medals. It's about time we started to put money and effort into training and encouraging girls who have promise and skill.

#### WELCOME, FRANK

College basketball's loss is professional basketball's gain: Frank McGuire leaves the University of North Carolina to become coach of the Philadelphia Warriors of the National Basketball Association. Beyond his remarkable skills, McGuire is a man of immense charm; more important, he has dignity and class, and pro basketball coaches in the past have not been outstanding in these

respects. McGuire can be expected to show his fellow coaches how to behave on the bench, and one day, hopefully, we will see the end of the childish outbursts at referees' decisions that demean the sport. If McGuire can get topnotch behavior out of Philadelphia's high-scoring prima donna, Wilt Chamberlain, the Warriors may yet win the league title everyone has predicted for them the past two years.

#### THEY SAID IT

• John Blanchard, whose left-handed hitting has won seven games for the New York Yankees, attributes part of his success to Casey Stengel's retirement. He says: "And that Stengel! I took the pipe six times pinch hitting, and then I didn't get up again for three weeks. He'd use right-handed hitters against right-handed pitchers ahead of me. I had no love for that s.o.b., and you can quote me on it and send it to Glendale."

• Joe Foss, American Football League commissioner, talking about a possible upsurge in gambling on AFL games this year: "More money is bet on pro football than any sport besides horse racing. And if we didn't have as much money bet on our league as the other last year, it was because we were new and gamblers didn't have a good line on our teams."

• Gene Autry, singing cowboy and chairman of the Los Angeles Angels' board of directors, declaring his team is better than he expected it to be this year, mainly because of trades and purchases engineered by General Manager Fred Haney: "He's made some shrewd deals. In fact, I think he's craftier than my father, who was a Texas horse trader. As far as I'm concerned, he holds a position unique in baseball: general manager for life, if he wants it that long."

• Red Sox Catcher Jim Pagliaroni, reflecting on Cuban plane hijackers: "Next road trip, I'm taking my Bermudas—we may wind up in Havana."

• Conservation Officer Dave Priest, as he watched campers flock to Baxter State Park, the 193,000-acre wilderness area in Maine: "There just ain't enough black flies to take care of this crowd."

• Joe Bellino, former Navy football hero, philosophically discussing the pregame leg injury that kept him from playing in last week's game between the College All-Stars and the Philadelphia Eagles in Chicago: "It was one of the most disappointing moments of my life. But I've been lucky throughout my football career. Maybe I had it coming."

	JAN	FEB	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	*AUG.	TOTAL
Johnny Sellers	27	33	31	28	32	46	33	1	231
Bill Hartack	9	18	22	16	27	43	49	2	186
Willie Shoemaker	32	26	17	17	31	28	26	6	183
Robert Nono	25	17	17	19	27	17	21	5	148
Herbert Hinojosa	17	25	16	34	15	8	23	5	143
Ismael Valenzuela	18	24	17	16	14	22	20	4	135

\*THROUGH AUG. 5

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**DIANE ELLISON**, a junior at the University of Washington, dunked Defending Champion Betsy Ellis of Clarkson, Wash., a split second before tumbling in herself, captured women's birkie title in world's log-rolling at Hayward, Wis.



**BRUCE KIDD**, 18-year-old Toronto schoolboy, set Canadian record of 4:10.4 in junior mile run in Eastern Canadian track and field championships at Halifax, N.S., ahead almost 10 seconds off record previously held by Jim Innes of Toronto.



**VICKI BURDON** of Hamilton, Ont., playing in the Budweiser golf club's annual women's tournament, tied after 18 holes with Canadian Women's Champion Marlene Sten, won title in play-off with bride & after Marlene shot par 5.



**SEYMOUR GROMWELL**, an MIT graduate in naval architecture, successfully defended single-sculls title in the 79th Royal Canadian Henley rowing regatta at St. Catharines, Ont., knifed through the one-mile 550-yard course in 7:35.



**HELEN HOUGH** of Westport, Conn., teamed with husband Larry in Mercedes-Benz 190 to win national sports car rally along banks of Delaware River, completed the 545-mile, 30-check-point course with less than one minute of error.



**HAROLD BENG**, a farmer from Salem, Ohio, won 34 straight games before losing to Ted Allen of Boulder, Colo., in the final match of the World Horseshoe Tournament at Munster, Ind., but won title with 34-1 record and \$3.8 niger average.



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## MEMO from the publisher

On a birthday, and this issue marks **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** seventh, it is natural to try to assess where one stands; the view tends to be somewhat broader than that inspired by an ordinary day or week. As we enter our eighth year of publication we are proud to be able to announce that effective with the first issue of 1962 our circulation will be 1,000,000; and that at the end of the first six months of 1961 **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** had become third among all magazines in the total of consumer advertising pages carried. More important than either of these achievements is the reason for them, a reason I think you will find in this description of our magazine. In it you may well recognize qualities of yourself and your family, for these are the qualities we see in our readers. Their existence makes even more gratifying the occasion this issue celebrates.

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is a newsmagazine, concentrating each week on the running story of today's energetic, purposeful living to which it strives to be attuned. If it seems to have an air of superiority, it is because the men and women featured in this story, whether watchers or participants, are apt to be a mile condescending to those not fortunate enough to be in their place. If it is occasionally humorous, it is because it deals with an extension of the human spirit which most resembles play. (It has been said, aptly, that the four things men live by are love, work, play and prayer.) If it reveals overtones of morality, that is because sport is best conducted as life is best lived, under fixed and known rules of the game; and the ability to win relates to the capacity to exercise self-discipline. But above all, its subject matter presumes excellence; admiring excellence, achieving excellence. It is written and illustrated by and for people to whom expert performance is the highest striving, to whom sport is a meaningful mode of expression.

*Redney H. Jones*



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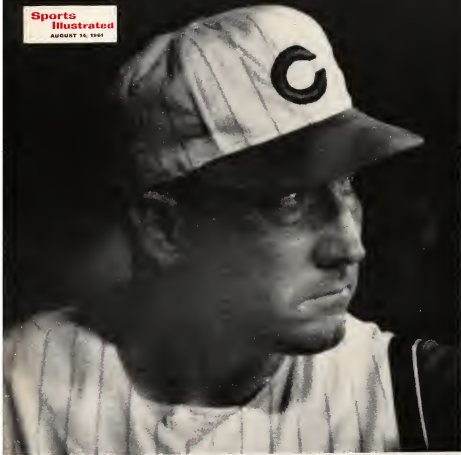
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**Sports  
Illustrated**  
AUGUST 14, 1961



# FEUD IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE



As the race comes down to the Cincinnati Reds and the Los Angeles Dodgers, Manager Hutchinson (opposite) glowers more fiercely than ever and Manager Alston maintains a tight-lipped hostility. Bitterness between the teams is not a pose, Cincy Pitcher Jim Brosnan reveals on the next two pages.

Brosnan, author of 'The Long Season,' widely hailed by critics, describes his teammates' resentment of Dodger slurs and what they call LA's 'dirty play.' On page 16 'Los Angeles Times' Columnist James Murray explains in a humorous (sob!) vein why the Dodgers haven't already run away with the pennant



ONE OF YEAR'S BEST RELIEF PITCHERS, AUTHOR BROSCHAN RELAXES IN BULLPEN

## NOBODY LIKES THE DODGERS

by JIM BROSCHAN

There are no national holidays in the month of August. Professional ballplayers, ground down by the summer sun and the strain of the pennant race, usually endure August days with stoic tolerance. For the Dodgers and the Reds, however, August 1961 will be a particularly hot time, and the old town of Los Angeles will rock night and day August 15 and 16, when they meet in a three-game series. A Roman holiday is in prospect—Los Angeles baseball fans carry horns along with their scorecards and scream "Charge," in raucous, thirsty voices. (No beer is served in the Coliseum, where blood-letting is a permissible entertainment.)

In recent years the charge of the rowdy Reds onto the Coliseum playing field has often rushed the Dodgers right out of the ball park. In 1959 Vin Scully, draping his microphone in mourning, moaned, "The Reds are doing their best to keep the Dodgers from winning the pennant." Cincinnati won the season series 13 to 9, but LA managed to win the pennant over the other six teams in the league.

During the 1960 season, attendance for LA-Red games swelled to the point where the ballplayers could hardly get any free passes. Walt Alston, the Dodger manager, complained, "Why don't the Reds play as well against other clubs as they do against us?" Cincinnati again won the season series, 12 games to 10.

Despite the obvious historical significance of the record, the Los Angeles press and Dodger players snorted and snickered during the first half of 1961 as Cincinnati led the National League. Los Angeles had been conceded the pennant in April by most "competent observers," as nonplayers call themselves.

"If it's a two-team race, I sure hope the other team is Cincinnati," chortled Wally Moon, a bow-legged outfielder. A four-game, early-July series proved nothing new. LA lost three out of four and was closer to third than first, albeit full of confidence. "The Reds can't keep it up," said an expert. "Their catchers aren't old enough."

The sordid statistics, however, seemed enough to make the Dodgers realize they had a fight on their hands. Then Don Drysdale ("Really a nice guy if you get to know him," someone once said) took a fit of pique in the July 9 game and renewed a feud of the past two years. Drysdale threw a couple of pitches behind Don Blasingame and Vada Pinson, hit Frank Robinson and was ejected from the game for unsportsmanlike conduct.



Dodger pitchers have used up a ball bag full of fast balls trying to pinpoint the skulls of Pmson and Robinson. This species form of head-hunting is not cannibalistic, for the Dodgers are not really savages. "Just a little wild," says Don Drysdale. Of Don has a stock answer to charges that he deliberately knocks down hitters who don't respect him. But the cliché, "It's my bread and butter," reflects a somewhat morbid appetite.

"What kind of bloody knife does he use to cut his bloody bread and spread his bloody butter?" an Australian cricket player might ask. Or maybe it isn't cricket.

Robinson's answer to the problem of what to do in a feud is simple.

"Gotta protect yourself," he said, and, leveling his big bat, he drove in seven runs as the Dodgers lost 14-3 to end the first half of the season. "They want to fight, we'll fight," Robby added. "But first we gotta score some more runs."

In the typical baseball brawl the team with the most runs wins, and the stray punches, bean balls and high-spike sliding are soon forgotten. In the typical feud, the least slight is vindictively treasured in memory. After the July 9 game, Joey Jay called Drysdale a busher for being so wild. At the All-Star Game in Boston on July 31 Drysdale's locker was next to those of Robinson and Jay. "He wouldn't even talk to us," said Jay. "Just walked away, like he was mad or something."

The prospect of a Cincy-LA brouhaha especially pleases the Pittsburgh Pirates, another National League club. "Give it to 'em good! You guys got the size," says Harvey Haddix, a shrewd little guy who may be thinking of picking up the pennant from a body-strewn Coliseum battlefield. "If we don't win it," says Dick Groat, "I hope the Reds do." Nobody likes the Dodgers.

Cincinnati hasn't won a pennant since 1940. Dreams of glory have transformed the city, whose downtown streets are festooned with placards and streamers urging the populace to "Rally round the Redlegs" and "Root the Reds home." Conversations on Fountain Square center on past victories and wishful thinking. At Crosley Field, in the stifling August heat and humidity, the dialogues among the players concern the Dodgers and go like this:

In the clubhouse:

"We play pretty good ball against them in the Coliseum, don't we?"

"Last time out there they looked pretty puny, I thought."

"Puny" is a good word."

"As a matter of fact, they looked kinda putrid."

"Excellent choice of language."

In right field during batting practice:

"You know why nobody in the league likes the Dodgers? They've got all the dirty players in the league."

"Would you call them 'dirty,' or maybe 'overaggressive'?"

"Call 'em the way you see 'em, I say."

In the shower room:

"In a fight how would you like to see Hutch and Abston go at it?"

"Even fight. Abston's strong as a bull."

"Yeah, but Hutch is rough as a grizzly bear."

"I gotta take Hutch. On his footwork. Ever see him move when he takes a pitcher out?"

In the dugout:

"Wonder what umpires we'll get in L.A.? Hope it's Jocko's crew. He and Durocher provide comedy relief."

"Umpires don't like the Dodgers either, y'know. They take too long to play a game. In that weekend series we had in Cincy it took almost nine and a half hours for three games."

"They play fast when they're winning. It takes a long time to beat 'em, though."

"They'll scramble, all right. They're the toughest team in the league to beat, and still they're not the best-hitting club. Milwaukee is."

"They'll beat you any way they can, legal or illegal, dirty or not. It don't matter. Hell, that's baseball. This ain't no Sunday-school picnic. You gotta fight to win in this life."

In the rain:

"What if, say, somebody hits Robby in the first inning and puts him out? Who do we get?"

"They haven't anybody to match Robby. He's 25% of our offense."

"Guess you gotta get 'em all, one after the other."

"Wills and Roseboro, maybe."

"Don't talk about it. We probably couldn't win the pennant without Robby, so don't talk about it."

In the outfield, where the pitchers run:

"Moon says our young pitchers will fold when the August sun hits 'em. You're a young pitcher, O'Toole. You ready to fold?"

"Nah. Soon as I have my baby I'll be all right."

(On August 3, a boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. James O'Toole. Mother, child and father are doing fine.)

In conclusion:

"Man, it's hot."

"These are the dog days, man."

"Yeah. Well, the sun don't shine on the same dog's behind every year. The Dodgers have won enough. Now, it's our turn."

TURN PAGE FOR JAMES MURRAY'S STORY



DODGER DRYSDALE RENEWED THE FEUD

## THE GREAT COLISEUM MURDER MYSTERY

by JAMES MURRAY

*Ladies and gentlemen, what you are about to get in on is a road tryout of a new musical—a mystery. At the moment the title is The Case of the Artless Dodgers, but it may be changed to Damn Dodgers for the Broadway run. The leading characters are Inspector Buncambe of Scotland Yard, played by Jack Paar; Buzzie Bavasi, played by Oscar Levant, and Walt Alston, played by Tab Hunter. The scene is an English moor and manor house. Champs of fog swirl around the windows. On the living room floor, alive but with a knife sticking in each body, is a group of figures in the uniforms of the Los Angeles Dodgers. As the curtain rises, the inspector speaks.*

INSPECTOR. Constable, the Yard has really got the wind-up on this one. Our victims here were assaulted on the way to the National League pennant. In fact, they were really supposed to be there already, but there they lie. The knives in their backs are marked "Made in Cincinnati."

Everyone is suspect. So close the doors and don't let anyone leave till we—or they—get to the bottom of this matter. First, we'll go over the list of suspects. Clearly, this is an inside job. That fellow over there skulking behind the tapestry looks sinister. You, there! Come over here and let's get a look at you. Ah, the manager. Where were you, sir, on the night these brave lads were knocked over in the Coliseum?

Hand me my notebook, Constable. Let's get a line on this fellow: "Walt Alston, age 49, occupation, baseball manager. Habits, steady. Temperament, mild except under extreme provocation such as wild pitching with the bases loaded, theft of occupied base, strikeouts in the last of the 10th. Also dangerous after curfew."

A fair record, sir, but you make our list of suspects because of one thing:

opportunity. Motive is lacking. But then, people—and teams—have been strack down before by persons who meant well. The road to the second division is paved with good intentions.

Alston, you had the weapon—platooning. Our investigation shows you have only taken to carrying it around with you lately. In the old days in Brooklyn you were clean. You used to put the same eight men on the field every day. You remember those good old days when the Dodgers looked like a team and not a subway rush hour?

Let the record show that you, Mr. Alston, didn't begin to behave queerly until they gave you a dugout full of gems this year and you began to throw them around like a sailor on the town. Poor fellow! You're not the first *nowawake* rickie who couldn't handle wealth sensibly. Alston, do you have anything to say for yourself?

ALSTON. Yes, sir, I didn't do it. And if you'll take the knives out of these fellows and give me some iodine we'll get to the pennant yet. Platooning had nothing to do with their falling in with bad company—the Cincinnati Reds.

Back in Ebbets Field in the days you speak of, we had no need to platoon. When you have Campanella, Reese, Snider, Hodges, Furillo and Robinson, you don't need any bench to speak of.

Now, we have seven outfielders, and I'll let you take the three you consider best and I'll keep the others, and you can't be sure who will beat who.

INSPECTOR. To be sure, Mr. Alston, to be sure. But there are many ways to sink a knife into a team. How can we be sure you haven't done it by not picking your best three and sticking to them? Perhaps this is suicide we are dealing with here, and you have driven them to it by destroying their will to play.



ALSTON. I doubt that. I will admit individual players have complained to me that they are afraid of pains in their paychecks if they don't play often, but I think I have spread the bad news around enough to keep anyone from jumping off the Coliseum peristyle. After all, Snider won a game with a home run, and I had him on the bench two days later. Norm Sherry had four RBIs in one game, and then I benched him. Ron Fairly won a couple of games and stayed in the dugout the next day. I have benched people regardless of race, creed or batting average.

INSPECTOR. H-m-m-m. Very well, Constable, take Mr. Alston away. Bring in Mr. Bavasi. And hand me his file.

Let's see. "Bavasi, Emil J. Occupation, general manager. Rorschach test shows no significant dementia except a possible slight case of pennant obsession. Suspect is in custody because he was in a position to help victims before the assault and refused. The record indicates he was aware the team wanted a clean-up litter to protect itself from the attack of the league of ruffians and that the Detroit club was on the point of donating the services of a splendid fellow, Rocky Colavito, for the purpose when Bavasi backed out." What do you have to say, Mr. Bavasi?

BAVASI. Only this, Inspector: Detroit wanted five for two in the Colavito deal. Now, in baseball, Inspector, you never



give five for two—unless the two happen to be Mantle and Mays. The Dodgers needed a cleanup hitter. They'd be up and around—way out in front today—if they had one. But we're grooming our own. A boy named Frank Howard. We won't need Colavito when he comes into his own.

INSPECTOR. Very well, Mr. Bavasi. You may go. We'll call you if we need you. Sergeant, I've got an idea. Bring me the medical chart on the victims. There may be an answer there for us.

Ah, thank you. Ah! Look here! This team leads the league in broken bones this year. This chart looks like something Charles Addams dreamed up. Hundreds of man-hours lost on this club due to injuries. Why, Constable, that's equal to a good-size steel strike.

Where's that deposition from that Associated Press baseball writer, Charles Maher? Ah, here it is: Snider broke an elbow. Norm Sherry lacerated a kidney, then broke a rib. Spencer broke a leg. Larry Sherry sprained both ankles. Neal came down with chicken pox.

What else is there this witness Maher recalls? A Drysdale injury diagnosed as a sore head. Even the groundskeeper spent part of the season in a cast. The team, he says, could easily surpass the disability record set in 1918 by the German army.

Why, gentlemen, there's your answer. This team fell on those knives. Ring up the Yard, will you? I think we can mark this case closed.

Hold on, what's that you say? Bavasi and Alston want to make a statement? Zounds! A confession? No? Oh, well, show them in.

Now, gentlemen, what can I do for you? You wish to inform on someone? Very well—you first, Bavasi. Who is to blame for this low attack?

BAVASI. The Coliseum, Inspector.

INSPECTOR. The Coliseum?

BAVASI. Exactly. If anything did this to us, to our team, it was the Coliseum. You have to understand that the Dodgers—although you'd never think it to see them lying there—are the fastest team in baseball. This is a team that makes every outfielder in the league wish he had stuck to truck driving. Our boys go from first to third on any ball hit through the infield. They score from second and sometimes from first on a clean hit anywhere in the league. Except the Coliseum. In the Coliseum, the left-field fence is just back of the shortstop. It is the only ball park in the game where the left-fielder and the shortstop can converse in whispers. On a line single in the Coliseum, the runner is lucky if he's not forced out at second. In fact, a 7-4-3 double play is not impossible.

Our team might as well be running on ice in their stocking feet as in the Coliseum. Add to this the fact that our power is left-handed except for Tommy Davis and the fact that Tommy Davis hits line drives that would be home runs in St. Louis but are line singles off the screen in the Coliseum and you can see where the guilt lies.

You are aware, Inspector, that most pennants are won at home? That a team that wins a championship usually only breaks a little better than even on the road? Well, the Dodgers have won 29 and lost 24 at home. They have won 34 and lost 16 on the road. That's .680 ball on the road—.680! That, Inspector, is a shattering statistic and proves conclusively the guilt of the Coliseum. Ordinarily, .600 ball wins the pennant in this league.

It doesn't matter who held the dagger. If it weren't for the Coliseum, the Dodgers would be so far out of reach, those assassins couldn't reach them with a space capsule.

*The curtain falls with the entire company (including the Dodgers, who rise from the floor) singing, "You gotta have heart." In a smash encore Mr. Walter Alston sings a special parody—"The Coliseum is breaking up that old gang of mine."* END



STRIKING UNDER A LOWERING, SUNDOWN SKY, GRIM CHAMPION FULLMER REACHES FERNANDEZ WITH A LONG LEFT TO THE CHIN

## A LOSING LOOK IN A WINNING FIGHT

Bloody and battered through the last two rounds, Gene Fullmer had all the appearance of a defeated boxer. He was the real winner, though, as he beat Florentino Fernandez in a rouser

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

It is one of the singular qualities of Gene Fullmer, whose heavy and swollen face gives him the appearance of a man ravaged by instant mumps, that he always looks like a beaten fighter yet he is almost never the loser. Last Saturday, as he defended his middleweight title (the NBA version, which is not recognized in New York, Massachusetts, Europe and assorted suburbs), he managed to exalt Challenger Florentino Fernandez from Cuba even as he defeated him. The fight was a virtuoso performance in the Fullmer genre in which appearance all but overcame reality.

Fernandez, a muscular boxer with the upper torso of a light heavyweight and the lower torso of a big welterweight, is

a good example of what is happening in boxing. He had three fights as a middleweight, won them all on knockouts, and almost before he had a chance to settle comfortably into his new division found himself fighting Fullmer for the championship. He is a converted southpaw, with a strong left hand and a somewhat overdeveloped left side. "He's an inch bigger all down his left side," says Angelo Dundee, an enthusiastic mercenary who supplements Fernandez' Cuban handlers here in the U.S. "Even his left foot is bigger than his right."

Before the fight Fernandez was said to have two assets working for him. One was his powerful left hook. Fullmer was knocked out by Ray Robinson in May 1957 when a left hook caught him on the chin, and it has become part of an elaborate fantasy of the sport that he is particularly susceptible to left hooks on the chin. The flaw in this theory is that Fullmer is susceptible to any punch on the point of the chin. Sitting in the office of the West Jordan Lions Club last Friday night, his face puffed as usual, his eyes looking as if they'd disappear if he glanced out the corners, Fullmer said as much. "It was not because it was a left hook; it was because I walked right into the punch."

Fernandez' other asset was supposed to be his age. He is only 25. Fullmer is 30 and this fight marked a subtle change, a sort of continental divide, in his career. Heretofore he had been fighting older men; now, for the first time, he was in a title match against a decidedly younger man. ("There'll be a lot of them from now on," said Marv Jensen after the fight. "It's a new era.") As it developed, Fullmer's age—and experience—helped him while Fernandez' youth did him no perceptible good.

For his part Fullmer was thought to have the edge in stamina. Four of his last six fights went 15 rounds, and the other two involved knockouts of Carmen Basilio in the 12th and 14th rounds. Fernandez had never gone more than 10 rounds, and the last time he went as long as 10 rounds he lost.

Finally, the fight was to be held in Utah. "I am fighting in Fullmer's home state and home country. I will be fighting under the laws of the State of Utah and with officials the Utah Boxing Commission will designate. This is of no concern to me," Fernandez announced grandly. (Actually, in its efforts to find

impartial officials, the Utah commission sometimes exasperates the Fullmer camp more than the visitors. On the night before the fight, Jensen protested the selection of Del Markham as one judge on the grounds that Fullmer had beaten Markham badly in an amateur fight some 15 years ago. The commission stood by Markham.)

The fight itself was held in the unreal turn-of-the-century atmosphere that television, mindful of the big 10 p.m. markets in the East, has forced on boxing. It was still daylight as the bell sounded and in the background was the renowned Wasatch Range. The setting was reminiscent of the old photographs of boxing. The script, however, was more familiar: in the first two rounds Fullmer moved away from Fernandez, keeping his left side toward the challenger (to make Fernandez' left hook less dangerous) and pecking out the corners of his eyes like a wary, wounded animal. Fernandez bore in, looking for a chance to land his left hook. He wanted to work on Fullmer's kidneys and stomach to get the champion's crossed-arm guard down from his head. Then when Fullmer plunged down and forward into close range, he wanted to belt him with a right uppercut. "But Gene upset the pattern," said Dundee after the fight. "He's a smart operator."

#### No body, no knockout

In the third, Fullmer began the tactics that endured for 10 rounds. On the theory that there was "a lot of arm in Fernandez' left hook but not much body," he maneuvered so that he could throw his right cross above Fernandez' arm when he got set to throw the left. At one point in the third round, Fullmer held Fernandez by the throat with his left hand while he belted him with the right. But the quick knockout, which was close, eluded him. "I knew he was hurt but I couldn't tell whether he was hurt in the head or the body or what," said Fullmer.

After that Fullmer clawed in behind Fernandez' left arm, held horizontally across his head, to pound at Fernandez in the clutches. The body punches, Fernandez said later, were his single most important surprise in the fight.

Through all this, Fullmer felt he was in control. Fernandez' pattern had been broken, and they were fighting Fullmer's fight—close-in mauling, fierce punching without style or mercy. But Fernandez

was not tiring. "He's a strong young bull," said Fullmer, "but he's not a smart fighter. He needs experience." (Said Referee Ken Shulsen: "Fernandez was listening and watching his corner. Three times while he was listening to his corner, he got hit hard.") Fullmer was bloody from superficial cuts around the right eye, near the bridge of his nose and the right corner of his mouth.

Early in the 14th round, Fullmer shot a right hand at Fernandez' head—and stopped momentarily. A small, mirthless, self-deprecating smile passed over his face, as if he were meditating on his own idiocy. He had hurt the second knuckle in his right hand (a similar injury suffered in training delayed the fight for a month) and broken his elbow. Now the right arm was useless.

Fernandez bore in and took the initiative completely away from Fullmer. He caught him erect and backing away. Fullmer's arm was numb halfway to the elbow, although there was no pain, and he felt a surge of weakness. "I wasn't even strong enough to bend down and bull forward," he said later. To most, it looked like he was barely hanging on. But as he groped his way back to his corner, he saw his mother hiding her face and he flipped her a word of confidence. "What was you worried about?" he asked her later.

In the 15th round the gap between Fullmer's appearance and his view of reality widened. He reeled wildly around the ring, clutching at the ropes to keep from falling, yet he said after the fight that he recovered somewhat during the round and felt he broke about even with Fernandez. This is a view that none of the judges shared with him, but at the end Marv Jensen threw the satin robe over him with the gold side out. It is part of their private ritual—"If it comes on gold, it means that in my mind it's certain that we won it," says Jensen. The decision was close and it was split. The only judge who gave Fernandez the edge was Del Markham.

Long after the fight, Fernandez sat in the house trailer that served as his dressing room. Virtually unmarked, he held a bloody paper napkin to his ear which, Dundee explained, he had lanced to prevent cauliflowering. Dundee asked Fernandez if he felt pain. The loser thumped his chest near his heart and said, "Corazón [Only in my heart]." **END**

# Honorable High Old Time

"You must climb Mount Fuji once in your life," said a Japanese maxim admonishes; and lately, as if a great discrimination had seized the population to get the job done, the volcano has become a prime target for summer tourists. Here, plodding along a switch-back trail near Fuji-san's classically summited, are some of the 30,000 hikers who labored up the 12,400-foot slopes on a recent weekend.

*Photograph by Harry Self*







## A Headache for a





## Headliner

*Photograph by Hy Peskin*

With a finality no umpire could question, San Francisco's star, Willie Mays, was tagged out one night last week—squarely between the eyes. Trying to advance from first to third on a teammate's single, Willie overreached himself, turned back frantically to find Dodger Second Baseman Charlie Neal wasting with the ball. Neal's play was within the rules (it could be argued that Mays hit the ball with his skull) but it left Willie stunned and with a swelled head.

# **PARKAS SWEEP THE SUNNY LOWLANDS**

Dartmouth College in the New Hampshire hills is a skiers' school, and ski parkas and sweaters have been the year-long campus uniform ever since the college started its Winter Carnival 50 years ago. But this year for the first time the ski look has come down out of the highlands in early fall and is spreading to campuses far from ski country. Inspired by the Squaw Valley Olympics and a coast-to-coast ski boom, college students everywhere are going back to school dressed like the Dartmouth men and their weekend guests on the next five pages. The new coats and jackets, some with parka hoods, are lined with imitation fleece or laminated to foam insulation. With these sturdy outer garments college men will wear turtle-neck knit shirts, bright sweaters and Tyrolean hats. And college girls will wear stretch pants, as boldly flattering against the soft autumn scene as they are on the ski slopes in winter.

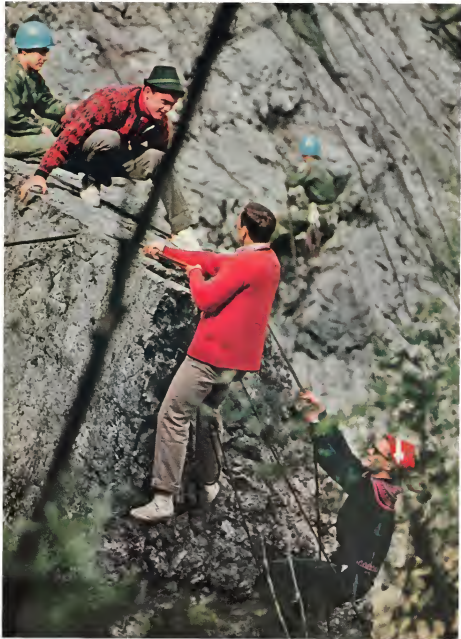
**STUDENT JOEL HEATHCOTE WEARS  
FLEECE-LINED DENIM COAT.  
HIS COMPANION, JEAN CAMERON,  
WEARS HOODED SUEDE-CLOTH  
JACKET WITH STRETCH PANTS**





A RIP-ROARING RIDE ON GAMMA DELTA CHP'S ANCIENT FIRE ENGINE IS ONE OF MANY THRILLS OF A DARTMOUTH WEEKEND. OFF TO A FOOTBALL RALLY, THE GIRLS HERE ARE CLAD IN THE FUR HATS, BRIGHT PULLOVERS AND STRETCH PANTS FAMILIAR TO THE SKIING SCENE, THE BOYS IN TYROLEAN HATS AND BEER JACKETS





**AGAINST BARE ROCK, SKI-STYLE  
SWEATERS WORN BY GARTMOUTH  
CLIMBERS CONTRAST WITH  
THE OLIVE DRAB OF THE  
ROTC MOUNTAINEERING UNIT**

**FOR A GAME OF TOUCH ON THE  
GREEN, JOHN LENIH WEAARS A  
PARKA OF PATTERNED ORLON  
KNIT WITH A LAMINATED  
LINING OF FOAM INSULATION**

#### **SPORTING LOOK FACTS**

Page 25: Denim coat has Dynalene fleece lining, detachable hood. By Cricketer, \$45 (Abraham & Straus, New York). Canon Pierre Scott, Chicago). Men's turtle-neck sweater-shirts are by Arrow, \$11. Girl's Orlon fleece-lined suede-cloth jacket (\$15) and stretch pants (\$15) are by Majestic (J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Lord & Taylor, New York). Pages 26-27: Colored billiard-cloth beer jackets worn by boys on engine and ladder crew are by R. F. D., (\$10). Tyrolean hats (\$5.50) are from Alpine House. Gold sweater (\$8) and fake-fur hat (\$11) worn by girl on fender are by Majestic. Jacquard-pattern pullover (\$14) and stretch pants (\$17) worn by girl on running board are by Catalina. Orange fake-fur hat (\$18), Orlon shaggy V-neck sweater (\$18) and gold stretch pants (\$18) are by Ulla. Page 28: Scandinavian-patterned wool-and-mohair cardigan at top (\$19) and yoke-patterned Orlon pullover at bottom (\$15) are by Jantzen (Macy's, New York, Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.). Red Zipper-front cardigan (\$16) is by Alps (Kennedy's, Boston). Page 29: Orlon-knit jacket (\$40) laminated to Cuoon reverses to Dacron-and-cotton poplin, is by McGregor (Kennedy's, Boston, Denver Dry Goods).





## SEAWEED, SPEED AND SUNFLOWER SEED

Vegetarian Murray Rose, the only distance swimming champion ever to win his Olympic title a second time, is still pulling ahead at 22

by **ARLIE W. SCHARDT**

**C**hampion swimmers in these days of freely frangible records go out of style almost as rapidly as last year's automobiles. In meet after meet they are washed aside by sleeker, swifter, more powerful models. Thus it is entirely probable that next week, when the best male swimmers in the nation gather at Los Angeles to compete for gold medals and starlets' kisses in the AAU cham-

peonships, not more than five of the meet's 14 events are likely to see defending champions retain their titles. Such record holders as breaststroker Cbet Jastremski, backstroker Tom Stock, butterflyer Mike Troy and individual medley man Ted Storkles are considered veterans this year because they won titles last year. But a whole crop of 1961 models, like Steve Clark, Roy Saara,

Bob Bennett and Paul Hait are standing ready to replace the veterans almost before they climb out of the pool—any or all of the veterans, that is, except for one durable record holder who can be counted on to hold his place in almost any swimming meet. The seemingly ageless Murray Rose, who at 22 is the only swimmer in history who ever successfully defended his Olympic distance title,



**SHIELDED** against California's early-morning sun, Murray Rose practices kicking in Los Angeles Coliseum swim stadium

after the Rose family moved from England to Australia, Murray's mother was put on a special six-weeks diet while recuperating from a lingering illness. Murray's father, an advertising executive, tried it too, and both liked it so much that they have eaten only organically grown, nonsprayed fruits and vegetables ever since, an addiction which led Mr. Rose to resign his membership in The Wine & Food Society of England.

Murray, of course, was drawn into the diet too, and because he has been an athletic celebrity since boyhood, his menu has made him at once a thorn in the side of a large slice of the food industry and the subject of hundreds of articles, especially before the 1956 Melbourne Olympics when the press practically turned his meals into a showdown between the meat-eaters and the vegetarians. The dietary virtues and delectability of sunflower seeds from Russia, halvah from Egypt, sesame from Greece, millet from North China, unpolished rice from south China, goat's milk and a special seaweed jelly created by Mrs. Rose were all debated in columns after column that left steak-eating Australian readers muttering in their napkins. But after sampling some of the Rose diet at Mrs. Rose's invitation, many of the writers admitted, reluctantly but graciously, that it didn't taste bad at all.

The guiding principle for everything Rose eats is that it be as close to its natural state as possible—preferably completely raw. Thus he avoids anything that has been sprayed with chemicals, as well as products made with processed flour or sugar. He often substitutes a dish of yoghurt and raw honey for milk, and drinks concentrated juices, such as apple, tomato, grape, pineapple and carrot. "But," he says, "I don't see how anyone can take celery or beet juice." Millet is his cereal because it contains the least acid, and Mrs. Rose makes sure he does not miss sweets by preparing for him cakes, candies and cookies made with honey, raw brown sugar and whole grains. Rose drinks coffee at examination time, but he never has drunk tea.

Despite this dietary discipline, however, Murray Rose is in no sense a food faddist. "It took three years before he would tell me about his diet at all," confides one of Murray's teammates. Rose

has a horror of trying to force his opinions or convictions on others, and he has a corresponding resentment of having others' opinions forced on him.

A tousle-haired blond whose 6 feet, 185 pounds are molded into a wide, firm body with smoothly muscled arms and powerful legs, Murray Rose has a handsome, Anglo-Saxon face with calm blue eyes, high cheekbones, and a long, slightly cleft chin. He and an Australian roommate live in an airy second-floor flat in a white frame house near the USC campus, where they share a small bedroom and a spacious, low-ceilinged living room that contains little of the usual evidence of a champion in the house. In place of trophies and pennants, two travel posters, one from Hawaii and one from Japan, and three Japanese prints are the only decorations on the light gray walls. Murray's bookshelves are crowded with volumes on Oriental religions, dramatics (he is majoring in radio-TV), philosophy and nutrition.

Murray's trophies are stored far away in Australia. The only evidence of past triumphs in his L.A. apartment turned up by sheerest accident when he was rummaging through an old briefcase in

*a closet*

stands out among the newer swimmers like a Rolls-Royce in a traffic jam.

An Englishman by birth, an Australian by law and an American by preference, Iain Murray Rose was a hero of the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne (where victories in the 400-meter freestyle, the 1,500-meter freestyle and the 800-meter relay made him the youngest triple gold medalist in men's Olympic history) and a hero again in 1960 at the Games in Rome. And now, despite the phenomenal pace of those crowding after him, he is looking forward to competing next winter as the newly elected captain of the University of Southern California swim team.

No one, including Murray, knows for sure what enables him to outlast his old rivals and outstrip his new ones. For more than half a decade sportswriters all over the world have been giving the credit to a menu that includes seaweed, sesame and sunflower seed, but the truth, obviously, is not that simple. It is a fact, however, that Murray has been a vegetarian almost from birth. In 1940, just

#### ROSE CHOOSES VEGETABLES WITH CARE







## NEW KODAK MOTOMATIC 35 CAMERA

# Winds the film for you! Sets the exposure, too!

Imagine a 35mm camera that's so automatic you can snap off as many as 10 color shots in 10 seconds—and be sure that every shot is exposed just right!

That's the magic of the new Kodak Motomatic 35 Camera—the camera that winds the film for you, and sets the exposure, too.

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You aim, shoot and—zip!—the film advances by itself automatically, quick as a wink. You're always ready for the next shot.

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Flash shots are easier, too. You simply set a "guide number" for your film. Then focus for your subject—5 to 25 feet—and the lens automatically sets for correct exposure!

This is the most automatic of the automatics. It also has shutter speeds to 1/250 second, fast f/2.8 lens.

See the new Kodak Motomatic 35 Camera at your photo dealer's now . . . less than \$110, or as little as \$11 down at most dealers'.

See your dealer for exact retail prices.

*Prices are subject to change without notice.*



**Another electric-eye "35"!**  
Kodak Automatic 35 Camera reads the light, sets the lens by itself for correct exposures . . . less than \$90.



**Retina precision, new ease!**  
Kodak Retina Automatic III Camera has fully automatic exposure control, coupled rangefinder . . . less than \$130.

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# HOME

## *at Home with the Gerald*

HOW THE BELL SYSTEM'S NEW HOME COMMUNICATIONS SERVICE IS BENEFITING A BUSY FAMILY OF FIVE



To call Andy and Sue to dinner, Mrs. Ghermer (above) picks up the kitchen phone. The children (below) hear her voice over the small speaker near the basement phone. They can answer "hands free."

The lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ghermer is located on a quiet, tree-shaded street in suburban Atlanta.

As you walk in the door you sense at once the ordered peacefulness within. Mrs. Ghermer makes you comfortable and then picks up the nearest phone.

"Gerry, Ruth and Bob are here."

Over the phone she is holding, Mrs. Ghermer hears her husband's reply from the basement: "Fine. Be right there, Jan."

### **Saves steps and time and shouting**

This brief conversation demonstrates one of the many ways the Ghermers use their personalized Home Interphone arrangement—communicating by phone from room to room.

When Mrs. Ghermer picked up the phone and spoke into it, her voice was quietly broadcast from speakers mounted near each of the other phones on the line.

And when he heard his wife calling him, Mr. Ghermer could answer without picking up a receiver. A small but sensitive microphone hidden in a nearby phone transmitted his reply.

If the doorbell rings, Mrs. Ghermer just picks up a phone. Her voice is broadcast to her caller via a small microphone-speaker mounted near the door.



# INTERPHONE

## *Ghertners of Atlanta, Georgia*

### **Answers the door, too**

Another very welcome feature of Home Interphone lets the Ghertners answer the door from any phone in the house, safely, easily and without embarrassment.

It works this way. Perhaps the doorbell rings late one afternoon when Mrs. Ghertner is alone, resting or changing.

All she has to do is pick up the bedroom phone, push a switch and talk.

A small microphone-speaker unit mounted by the door broadcasts her voice. It picks up her visitor's reply, which she hears on the phone she's holding.

### **Other convenient uses**

Some time ago Mr. Ghertner was confined to bed with a virus infection. During that period, however, Home Interphone helped him share family activities, and ask for help without effort.

Sue, the 9-year-old, often entertains her playmates in the recreation room, where an extension is located. Mrs. Ghertner can check on their playing by picking up a phone, or call Sue if she needs her.

Members of the family can also transfer outside calls to each other.

### **Cost and upkeep**

"Home Interphone costs less than you would think," says Mr. Ghertner. "We find it's a small item in our monthly budget, especially when we consider all the convenience it gives us.

"So far we haven't had a bit of trouble in nearly a year of use. But if we did the phone company would come out and fix it at no extra charge. Normal maintenance of the equipment is part of the service."

### **What about your family?**

Wouldn't your family enjoy the convenience and security of Home Interphone, too? Service arrangements can be adapted to suit any family's way of life.

Up to five phones may be used. The phones are in the colors you choose, and also the styles—the familiar wall and table models, or the lovely new Princess phone, shown below in the Ghertners' bedroom. The Princess is small to save space and has a dial that lights up.

To order, or to find out more, call or visit your Bell Telephone Business Office. Ask your telephone man if he's in the neighborhood. Or mail the coupon below.



*There's a call for Mr. Ghertner. Home Interphone relays it to him and he can take it on the nearest extension—in this case the bathroom phone.*

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



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Please send me additional information about Home Interphone.

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Wouldn't you know...



It's no surprise to see that our expert is a Winchester-Western fan. If there's one thing the experienced shooter insists on, it's reliability; you'll notice the red shells. With the

gun... there's been some disagreement. Some insist on the classic model 12 pump; others swear by the rugged model 50 auto. Our man here likes the model 12 — but he's been

shooting one for 22 years. We don't have room to tell you why the red shells are the choice of most "straight" shooters — but if you know one — he'll tell you. Gladly.

**WINCHESTER** *Western* **Olin**  
WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION  
New Haven 4, Conn. and East Allen 21

As Rose's fame grew, his face began to appear on more and more newspaper front pages and magazine covers, billed variously as "Golden Boy," "Seaweed Streak" and "Our Wonder Boy." He and Jon Henricks, who was to win the 1956 Olympic sprint championship and join Rose at USC, went to New Zealand in 1955 on their first tour out of Australia and soon found themselves unable to satisfy the press's demand for a daily ration of profound quotes. "Man, it got bad," recalls Rose. "We finally had to make up things. We told them we swam 12 hours a day, and when the paper called back to double-check we'd explain we were given special foods so we could eat while we swam." Some stories darkly hinted that Rose and Henricks were so fast because they had webbed feet, which they concealed by wearing thick wool socks up to the starting line. (They wore the socks, all right, but only to keep their feet warm.) A British writer, ridiculing Rose's taste for items like seaweed as "suspicious and peculiar," revealed that "when he gets in the water, his hair turns green." (It does—from bleach.) In 1956, to avoid being crabbed by crowds of well-wishers during the Melbourne Games, Rose had to carry his hand in a sling while going to and from the Olympic Village.

It was a great night for sesame seed when Rose scored his final victory in Melbourne. Invitations to visit college campuses came in from every part of America, and he was eager to accept. His parents, too, felt it was time to complete the trip they had begun 18 years before. Mr. Rose, a slightly built, strongly mustachioed man with a warm twinkle in his alert eyes, was by then the director of a major advertising agency in Australia. Yet he was ready, at 43, to start all over again for the third time. "I felt it was something of an adventure and that one should do it," he says quietly. "I acquired enough U.S. currency for the trip by going to a Melbourne bank every morning at 10 a.m. during the Olympics and buying up all the dollars that had come in the previous day. The teller was quite willing to save them for

me—I had only to let him know I had access to an extra swimming ticket."

Murray was wooed by athletic directors on both coasts. "But once he had seen Los Angeles," recalls Mr. Rose, "no other place but the University of Southern California would do." Murray had been captured by the Los Angeles sunshine, its television industry, USC's promise to provide 100% organically

for four months to do Murray's cooking," he explains, "and then we both went to Rome, where we took an apartment for one month to prepare his meals during the Games. But I can't think of anything I'd have done differently," he says, lightly patting his empty pocket.

In Rome, Rose retained his 400-meter crown and finished second in the 1,500. His durability in world-class competition amazed the experts, although they had long acknowledged that Rose has a talent for tactics that is unequalled in swimming history. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is that he has won an exceptional number of close races. "He's embarrassed for the other fellow," is the way USC coach Daland explains it. Mr. Rose agrees: "When he was young, he always contrived to beat the other boy by as little as possible." Daland recalls a meet two years ago when USC was rated a 50-50 chance of winning. "But everyone came through and we annihilated them," he says. "On the bus home, Murray didn't feel well and I asked him what was wrong. 'I don't think we should have done that,' he said—and yet he was the star of the meet."

However, Rose himself says simply that a close race is more fun, both for the spectator and the swimmer. And he adds, with a ruthless matter-of-fact-



**HISTORIC COMEBACK** saw Rose defeat Australia's Konrad (left) and old rival Yaenaka to retain Olympic 400-meter crown.

ness food and the persuasiveness of Peter Daland, the school's bright and aggressive new swimming coach. Mr. Rose, meanwhile, took an advertising job in New York—resulting in some transcontinental commuting to Los Angeles for Mrs. Rose, who spent the next two summers preparing Murray's training meals while the school cafeteria was closed.

Midway in his junior year at USC, Murray made a difficult decision—to drop out of school for one semester and return to Australia to train for the defense of his Olympic titles. He had everything to lose, and not much to gain. "I don't know why I did it, exactly," he says. "I wanted to see Australia again [he never refers to it as "home"], and I figured it was an experience I shouldn't miss. Also I wanted to see my coach again."

The decision cost Mr. Rose more than \$8,000. "My wife returned to Australia

ness that would startle those who think of him as purely gentle. "If you are meeting a man the object is to break him. You can break the other man's confidence by doing certain things. If he finds he's ahead, he's elated. If he finds he's behind, he's not. If he finds the lead changing frequently, he becomes confused. The big thing is to make him feel you are controlling the race."

#### **The essence of victory**

Rose sometimes sets the controls before a race begins. "There's the old stand-by," he grins, "of making your man think you're faster than you really are. Get someone to time you in a practice session but stop the watch early."

But what really counts, he says, is concentration. "If you can concentrate so that time is meaningless, a race will give you complete pleasure and you will feel no pain."

**END**

# FISHING IN A STREAM OF

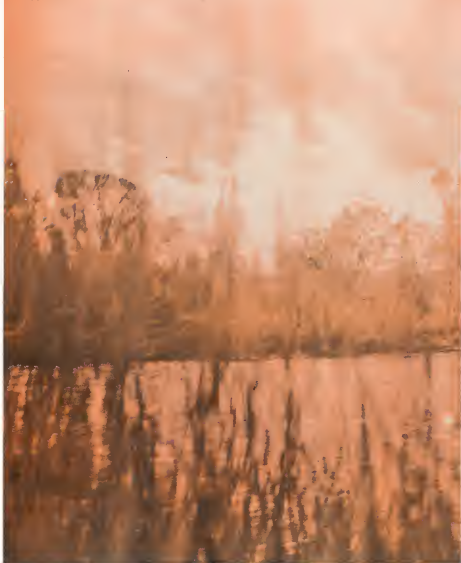




**COLOR** ON THESE EIGHT PAGES PHOTOGRAPHER  
PETE TURNER CAPTURES THE MANY MOODS  
OF FISHING. USING FILTERS AS AN ARTIST USES PAINTS, HE  
PORTRAYS BOTH THE CHILL AND WARMTH OF A DAY'S SPORT



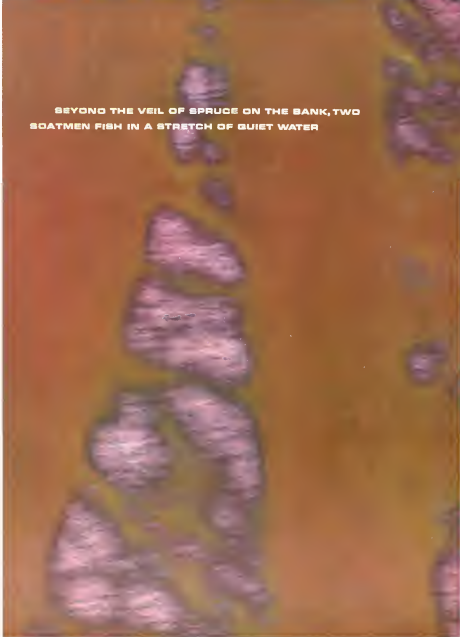
IN THE SOFT LIGHT THAT SIFTS THROUGH RAIN CLOUDS,  
A FLY-FISHERMAN TRIES HIS LUCK IN A SHALLOW POOL







BEYOND THE VEIL OF SPRUCE ON THE BANK, TWO  
BOATMEN FISH IN A STRETCH OF QUIET WATER





**THE OVERPOWERING BRILLIANCE OF MIDDAY ENVELOPS  
AN ANGLER AS HE PROBES THE RIVER FOR RAINBOWS**

A BACKDROP OF FLAME-RED CIRRUS  
SILHOUETTES THE FISHERMAN  
AS HE WAITS FOR THE EVENING RISE



## 'Keep that damned kid away from me!'

This pained cry will issue from many old shotgunners at Vandalia as teen-agers challenge for the trap title

A veteran trapshooter in a major tournament in Tucson three years ago glanced over his shoulder and muttered, "There's that damned kid again." The kid was George Burruss of Fort Collins, Colo., then 14, who, with nerveless calm and almost playful efficiency, went on to outshoot the man who made the remark—and everyone else in sight.

Next week at the 62nd Grand American Trapshooting Championships in

Vandalia, Ohio, George Burruss or any one of several dozen "kids" may as efficiently outshoot a field of more than 2,500 competitors to win the most important trapshooting prize of the year: the North American Clay Target Championship.

Just two years ago a 16-year-old upstart named Kevin Onka of Sugar Creek, Mo., did win the championship in a 150-target shoot-off against three of the

best shots in trapshooting history. This achievement is roughly the equivalent of a 16-year-old golfer tying Palmer, Player and Littler in the U.S. Open and beating them in a playoff.

What is the reason for this sudden upswing of young shooters? An oldtime Kansas City shooter who has been shot down many times by these bantam terrorists puts it this way: "You take a kid like Kevin Onka and you'll find that he has an uncluttered mind. You know, no crabby wife all the time nagging him. No business worries. No eye on the stock market. And a boy his age has better eyesight, quicker reflexes. These things compensate for lack of experience."

Where adults approach trap and skeet with an almost holy sense of mission, the teen-agers approach it as a game to be won. "When we go out and practice," says 15-year-old Bobby Shuley of Chicago, "we shoot right-handed, left-handed, from either hip—any way we can think of."

In 1958, when Shuley was 12 years old and winning the Kentucky Blue Grass Skeet Championships, he commuted regularly from the swimming pool to the firing line. The following year he managed—between swims—to win the

**Carola Mandel**  
invites you and your  
family to take up  
shotgun shooting

One of the glamorous champions in sport tells Virginia Kraft how the neophyte should handle a shotgun



*The most versatile of all firearms, the shotgun has earned a special place not only on trap and skeet ranges but everywhere that waterfowl, upland birds and small game are hunted. Today about 15 million Americans own shotguns and, as teen-age shooters have demonstrated, when properly handled they are as much fun for youngsters and women to shoot as they are for men.*

*In fact, one of the finest and one of the best-known shotgun shooters in the world is a woman, Carola Mandel of Chicago (shown at left) has won more shotgun shooting trophies, medals, awards and honors than any other American, male or female. In 10 years of active competition in this country and Europe she has successfully defended her mans skeet, pigeon and trap championships against the world's most outstanding shooters, proving that excellence with a shotgun depends neither on size nor physical strength but on practice, reflexes, coordination and timing. Here and on the following pages, Carola Mandel shares for the first time in print the techniques and precepts that have earned her top ranking in the sport.*



All-Gauge Skeet Championship of the World at the tree-ringed age of 13.

"The little so-and-so's got no more nerves than a cedar post," said a vintage rival for Bobby's title. "You tell these kids to 'stay loose, stay ahead of the bird' and they just look through you."

Advice of this kind flows freely at major tournaments, and more than one youngster has wondered if the motives were Machavellian. "Most of the time a tip for better shooting is sincere," says 15-year-old William G. Lambert of San Diego, winner of 14 trap championships last year, "but sometimes the advice sounds a little phony."

Most questionable tips, he recalls, have come at matches where he was outshooting adults. At one tournament Lambert watched an older gunner "bug" a youngster until another adult finally told him to leave the boy alone. "The heckling doesn't bother me any more," Lambert says, "but it still gets through to some of the other kids."

"They hate us, they hate us," says 18-year-old Dave Hussey of Chicago in mock self-pity, "but who cares? Adults have been bugging me for years. I guess they think they'll get me to the point where I'll sell my guns. Some chance."

Though this psychological tug-of-war between the men and the boys certainly takes place, it fortunately is not representative of all competitive shooting, and most young shooters are quick to acknowledge the help they have received from adults. George Burruss, for example, owes much of his trapshooting success to his grandfather, Howard Kaster, and Burruss is not shy about saying so. Kaster started George's gun training at 8, coached him to his first subjunior match at 10 and on to more than 75 victories. But throughout this impressive career he never permitted shooting to dominate the boy's life. When George was named recently to try out for the world championships in Oslo he declined because it would have meant missing his high school graduation. Besides his extracurricular shooting, he was a member of the school wrestling and football teams and he also bowls and water-skis.

This fall George will start college, and he plans to put away his guns for a while. Not, however, until after the Grand American contest in Vandalia next week. Whether or not George Burruss wins it, this much is certain—as he steps up to the line more than one adult will mutter: "Keep that damned kid away from me."



GEORGE BURRUSS, 12, IS TOP THREAT

The first and most important step is choosing a shotgun. The three basic types for all shotgun sports are the autoloader, the pump and the double-barrel. An autoloader (\$109 to \$994), as the name implies, automatically ejects spent shells upon firing and feeds new ones into the chamber. Pump guns (\$64 to \$967) eject shells automatically, but new shells must be pumped into the chamber manually by means of a sliding forearm. The most expensive shotguns are double-barrels (\$67 to \$3,500). Both side-by-side doubles and over-and-under doubles are actually two guns in one, with the advantages of two different chokes and a minimum of working parts to malfunction. All three are made in a variety of barrel lengths, chokes and bores for specific kinds of shooting.

Regardless of the type of shotgun chosen, or the amount of money spent for it, the gun must fit the shooter. Custom-made guns fit best because they are made to individual measurements, but the cost usually is very high. Minor adjustments, on the other hand, can easily and economically be made on factory-produced

guns and will solve most fit problems. A gun expert or dealer is the one to decide whether or not a gun fits properly, but there are some rough guides which the shooter can follow. When the butt of the gun is placed in the crook of the elbow and the arm is bent along the stock (left), the tip of the index finger

should just touch the trigger. Another excellent test is to stand before a mirror (below), close both eyes and bring the gun to firing position with the stock anchored firmly into the shoulder and against the cheek. If the gun fits properly, the shooter should be looking directly into the barrel when he opens his eyes.

CONTINUED



Drawings by Bert Stinson

THE RIGHT SHOTGUN fits the shooter. When actual measurement is not possible, Carola Mandel brings gun into firing position and sights into mirror. Fit is right if she can look into barrel.

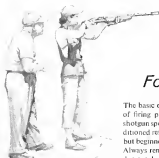


**GUN GRIP** is elementary but important. Grasp stock in right hand and press butt into shoulder, resting forearm of gun on left palm to permit free swing.

**PROPER STANCE** (right) means right leg straight, body weight on left leg with left knee slightly bent, permitting upper body to pivot when swinging on target.



**COMMON ERROR** of the novice is to curl finger around trigger when firing. Only tip of finger should touch trigger, which must be snapped, not squeezed.



**COACH'S AID** is invaluable to novice. Leon Mandel (above) sights along wife's barrel at target, then checks her follow-through (below) to make sure she remembers all basic elements.



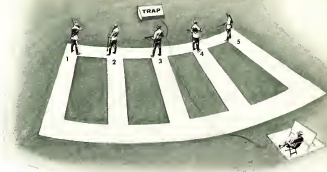
## Form is the key to everything

The basic elements of gun handling and of firing position are the same for all shotgun sports. These basics become conditioned reflexes to experienced shooters, but beginners must concentrate on them. Always remember the following six fundamentals: 1) Grip gun firmly with three fingers of right hand so that gun's weight is supported securely. Thumb and index finger should be relaxed. 2) Anchor gun butt firmly in shoulder. 3) Rest forearm of gun on palm of left hand (do not grip), with index finger extended in direction of barrel. Left arm and hand are used to swing gun and must not be tensed. 4) Raise gunstock to cheek and lodge firmly so line of sight is along barrel. The head is master of the gun, so always bring gun to face, not face to gun. 5) If gun is now positioned properly, body will automatically be in correct shooting stance. This means weight is on left leg, with knee bent, and body is leaning forward into gun. Keep right leg straight and right foot about 12 inches behind left (above right). The left leg acts as a pivot to permit upper body and gun to swing from side to side. 6) Last, place tip of right index finger lightly on trigger.

This finger must be relaxed so trigger is snapped, not squeezed or pulled, when firing.

Once these elements have been mastered, the next step and the best exercise for a beginner is dry-firing at moving targets. Clay birds or tin cans thrown into the air are equally suitable for this practice. Point the gun at a moving target, then swing in the direction it is traveling, overtake the target and pass it. How to lead a moving target (the distance the gun must be pointed ahead of it when fired) is the beginner's most difficult lesson to learn. Remember that the gun's barrel is actually an extension of the eyes, so look at the target, not at the muzzle. When the gun has passed the target so that a gap, or a space of air, is visible between it and the gun, snap the trigger. Continue swinging the body and gun as the trigger is snapped. A smooth, even swing before, during and after firing is essential. If this swing is interrupted by hesitating, stopping or jerking, the shot will be behind the target. A coach can be of invaluable help in teaching proper lead, but only regular practice will assure consistent hits.

## Shooting ranges offer best practice



**TRAP RANGE** has five shooting stations spaced three yards apart in a semicircle, each station located 14 yards behind the trap. Targets travel about 90 yards from the trap at varying angles.

The best way to improve lead, timing coordination and skill with a shotgun is to fire it often. Trapshooting is a pleasant and practical means of doing so. In trap, 12-gauge guns with 30-inch full-choke barrels are preferred, and a standard round consists of five shots fired from each of five shooting stations. Targets traveling at 80 feet or more per second are released from the trap at any angle up to 45° left or right of a straightaway. In judging correct lead it is necessary to consider not only the rise and fall of the

target but the speed and angle at which it is traveling. Beginners rarely know why they miss trap targets, but the most common reason is shooting behind and under the bird. This is especially true at the end stations (see diagram above), where target angles are sharpest and require greatest horizontal leads.

Five rules will help the beginner: a) Lean forward into the gun, with weight firmly on left leg to increase freedom of swing. b) At each position, stand as close to station 3 as permissible and face trap

with body angled a quarter turn away. c) On stations 1 and 5 point gun below outside corners of trap roof; on stations 2 and 4 midway between center and outside corners; and on station 3 at exact center of trap roof to reduce angles of side birds. d) Keep head down, gun tight against cheek and shoulder and follow through on swing. e) Shoot fast. The farther a bird travels from the trap, the harder it becomes to hit. More birds are missed by waiting than are ever missed by shooting too soon.

CONTINUED



**TRAP FORM** is demonstrated by Carola Mandel, who mounts gun to shooting position (A), leans forward (B) and points at trap house, calls,

"Pull," and begins swing as soon as target leaves trap. She continues swing when firing (C) and follows through after breaking bird (D).



## Skeet trains field shooters

Ever since the sport of skeet shooting was introduced some 35 years ago, shot-gunners have argued its relative merits as compared to the older and more popular trap. Like trap, skeet is shot on a semicircular course and the targets are clay birds, but here the similarities end. Instead of five stations, in skeet there are eight, and targets are released not from one but from two traps: the high house, which is 10 feet above the ground and located directly behind station 1 (see above) and the low house, which is three feet above the ground and directly behind station 7. Birds travel a fixed

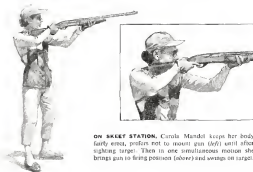
line of flight crossing midway between the houses, or 20 yards from their point of release.

Any number of shooters up to five make up a squad, and each shoots from the same station before moving on to the next. A standard round consists of 25 shots, two fired separately from each station, two fired at double targets released simultaneously from both houses at stations 1, 2, 6 and 7, and an optional 25th shot that must be taken whenever the first target is missed. A shooter with 24 hits may take his 25th target from any station he chooses.

Because shots in skeet are at much closer range than in trap, guns with 26-inch barrels, cylinder or improved cylinder chokes and muzzle devices to smooth out patterns are preferred. There are four standard events in skeet involving guns of different gauges: the 12-gauge event, 20-gauge event, 28-gauge event and the .410-gauge.

Skeet, like trap, is excellent year-round practice for field shooting. Where trap is of particular value to the waterfowl hunter because it provides shots at a variety of angles and ranges, skeet is specifically geared to the upland shooter and was developed originally as an off-season exercise for quail and grouse hunters. Targets from the high house represent birds in full flight, while those from the low house simulate birds flushed from the ground. Both move at the same speed as trap targets and generally travel 55 to 65 yards.

To further simulate field shooting conditions, until recently the gun in skeet was not placed in actual firing position, or mounted, until after the call "Pull." While this is no longer required under U.S. rules, it is still practiced in international competition and by many bird hunters. The preferred skeet shooting stance is somewhat straighter than in trap, with less forward lean into the gun to permit swinging on the target as quickly as possible.



**ON SKEET STATION.** Carola Mandol keeps her body fairly erect, prefers not to mount gun (left) until after sighting target. Then in one simultaneous motion she brings gun to firing position (above) and swings on target.

*Figuring the leads  
and shooting doubles  
develop gun skill*

Because the angles at which targets travel in skeet are fixed, an experienced shooter can judge where the bird will be when he fires at it and exactly how much lead is required to hit it. On each station, a good rule is to face the point at which the target is expected to be hit rather than the point from which it is released. The right distance to lead the target varies from station to station, but on each it is consistent enough so that with practice it can be estimated in advance. Below is a general guide for the beginner to proper leads. He will prob-

ably find station 8 (see box) the most difficult because it is comparable to a snap shot in the field. Point the gun directly at the target and fire as quickly as possible. Doubles targets also gave the novice trouble. The best rule to remember is that there are two separate targets, which must be treated separately. On stations 1 and 2, shoot the high-house target first; on stations 6 and 7, shoot the low-house target first. On each, forget about the second target until after shooting the first, then swing on the second as though it were a single. **END**



**SKET FORM** before, during and after firing should be smooth and relaxed. At left, Carola Mandel mounts gun and begins swinging on target as it leaves house. Swing is uninterrupted when firing (center), and upper body continues pivoting from hips (below) after target is hit. Note that position of feet remains unchanged throughout.



**CAROLA MANDEL'S GUIDE TO LEADS**

	HIGH HOUSE	LOW HOUSE
1	1/2 FOOT UNDER	1 FOOT AHEAD
2	1 1/2 FEET AHEAD	1 1/2 FEET AHEAD
3	2 FEET AHEAD	2 1/2 FEET AHEAD
4	3 FEET AHEAD	3 FEET AHEAD
5	3 1/2 FEET AHEAD	3 FEET AHEAD
6	1 1/2 FEET AHEAD	1 1/2 FEET AHEAD
7	1 FOOT AHEAD	POINT BLANK
8	COVER TARGET	COVER TARGET

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## For fun or

**Waved off the course a month ago, U.S. amateur drivers regain the right to run against the pros**

TWO weekends ago, fleeing the miasmic heat of midtown Chicago, the Board of Governors of the Sports Car Club of America gathered in a cool, air-conditioned hotel room to debate long and hard on a hot and touchy subject. After 18½ hours of weighing the pros and cons, without generating enough heat to burn out a single bearing, the SCCA governors resolved one of the classic problems of sport: they decided to allow their amateurs to mix freely with professionals in almost any event.

For the SCCA the decision was almost as radical as a self-administered appendectomy. Many of the wealthy men who were in attendance at the birth of U.S. sports car racing after World War II are still vigorous and thoughtful leaders of the sport and, understandably, champions of the amateur cause. As SCCA membership has grown, it has embraced more and more not-so-rich drivers who use their sports cars to get to work Mondays through Fridays and to race on weekends. Not surprisingly, some of the drivers have become so skilled that they want to go beyond weekend racing and test themselves against the best professionals on the international circuit. As pressure from the skilled drivers mounted, the SCCA allowed its members to tangle with the pros in selected races approved by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (the FIA).

Last June this compromise arrangement led to a jurisdictional scrawl involving the SCCA and the FIA and the Automobile Competition Committee (the ACC), which oversees American racing for the FIA (SI, July 10). The SCCA banned its drivers from FIA races in Indianapolis and at Mosport near Toronto, and the ACC suspended the FIA licenses of SCCA drivers.

## for money

With the gates to such favorite venues as Sebring, Le Mans and Nassau suddenly slammed shut by the ACC's suspensions, the SCCA governors' unanimous vote to let their drivers meet the pros almost anywhere seems, on the surface, to be an embarrassing about-face. Actually, it was no more than a sensible agreement by racing gentlemen to let first things come first. In a long memorandum meticulously reviewing the club's history and purposes, SCCA Governor Hendrix Ten Eyck of Syracuse, N.Y., gently reminded his colleagues that the SCCA driver of 10 years ago was a "virtuous amateur mainly because no one had ever tried to seduce him." Ten Eyck tenderly suggested that the pro-amateur issue was not important enough to stand in the way of the club's original purpose of providing good, sane racing for its members.

### A rosy, racy future

In the sweeping changes that the SCCA made for the future—plans that certainly will prompt the ACC to restore all SCCA men to good standing in the FIA this week—every member is given virtually a free hand on the wheel of his own car. Under its new policies, the SCCA will continue to emphasize and sanction national and regional meetings for its own amateurs but, effective January 1, SCCA members holding national competition licenses can enter any FIA-sanctioned road race in North America (and perhaps some of the professional races staged by the United States Automobile Club). Abroad, under the new rules, the SCCA driver can race on any track or road against anyone—against amateurs or pros, against gentlemen or bums or the rats in the sewers of Paris if he cares to. And most important, to put the old pro-amateur bugaboo completely to rest, the new SCCA policy lets each driver decide for himself whether he wants to race for fun or for filthy money.

END

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## A new light in the Eagle eyes

**He's Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen, Norm Van Brocklin's understudy for three years, who may be as good**

**H**e's got the arm. All he needs is a few games under his belt. I can teach him the rest."

This was Norman Van Brocklin, the matchless Philadelphia quarterback, speaking over the hubbub in the Eagles' dressing room after they had won the pro football championship last winter. He was talking about a cheerful redhead named Sonny Jurgensen, who for three years had occupied a seat on the Eagle bench waiting for Van Brocklin to retire.

"The guys like him, and they'll play for him," Van Brocklin said. "We're not gonna hurt too much at quarterback."

The "we," as it turned out, was editorial since the Eagles passed by Van Brocklin, now the head coach of the new Minnesota Vikings, to hire Nick Skorich as coach, but the rest of Van Brocklin's analysis qualifies him as a prophet—on the basis of Jurgensen's first effort as quarterback of the Eagles.

He led the club surely and confidently to a 28-14 victory over a College All-Star team which was probably the best of the last 11 years. He threw three touchdown passes during the evening, completed one Bob Cousy-type basketball pass behind his back to Pete Retz-

laff, the Eagle end, which turned a probable 10-yard loss into an actual 14-yard gain and, most important, he guided the Eagles with Van Brocklinlike confidence.

After the All-Star Game Tommy McDonald, who roomed with Jurgensen and who caught three touchdown passes, said: "You should have been in that huddle. You should have heard him run the club. No doubts, no hesitation. Boom, boom. We knew he could do it. We knew it."

Jurgensen's teammates and coaches were the only people in Chicago last week who did know it. The tenor of most newspaper stories was that Jurgensen was no Van Brocklin, and without a Van Brocklin the Eagles were not much of a club. The world champions went into the game the shortest-priced favorites in its long history.

"Sure, he's got the arm," one pro scout said. "Everybody knows that. But the word on Sonny is that he

can't take pressure. The All-Stars have got the kind of defensive line that can put pressure on him. If they red dog [rush him with one or more linebackers as well as the line] he'll be in trouble."

### Red-dog-wise

"I'm not worried," Jurgensen said. **H**o and McDonald were in their hotel room at the Del Prado Hotel, watching the sad TV fare available in Chicago on a Friday afternoon. "If we can't handle a red dog, no one can," he went on. "The Giants used it on Dutch [Van Brocklin]. I guess our blockers know more about it than any others in the league."

Jurgensen is a rather wide young man—not fat, just wide. He has a pleasant face, and his normal expression is one of amusement. ("He was the club comedian up until the last two or three games of last year," one Eagle coach said. "Then he realized that he was going to be the No. 1 quarterback, and it made him a hell of a lot more serious.")

"I learned a lot about the red dog, just watching Dutch," Jurgensen said. "I looked at movies a lot to find out how he managed to avoid the linebackers when they always belted me."

He got up and demonstrated, taking an imaginary snapback from center and fading back across the hotel room.

"I used to drop back, and I didn't have my head turned far enough toward the line of scrimmage. I didn't even see a backer coming in from behind me until wham! he'd belt me before I could unload. I got in for a little while against San Francisco last year, and in the movies Nomellini would be going back with me about two steps away. When I set, he had me. Now I turn my head as far forward as I can, and I can pick up a linebacker coming out of the corner of my eye and avoid him."

McDonald, lying on the bed in shorts watching an old movie, laughed.

"Not by running," he said. "If you think Van Brocklin was a slow runner,

*continued*

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wait till you see Sonny." He got out of bed and ran in one spot, kicking his heels up and to the side. "Like that," he said.

"I'm not so bad," Jurgensen said. "The only time I carried, I gained about 10 yards last year. Anyway, I agree with Van. A quarterback should only run from sheer terror. You're taking too big a chance on getting rucked when you run, and you could hurt the team."

### Bigger than Dutch

He sat down again, sprawled in an easy chair not quite broad enough for his comfort. He has the same thick, strong arms that marked Van Brocklin but wider, bigger hands.

"Anyway, getting back to the red dog," he said. "They may put me on my back a couple of times. But we got plays to sting 'em. They like to red dog from the strong side, and we can hit on short passes there. We'll chase 'em out of it."

Friday night the All-Stars did not put Jurgensen on his back much. They tried shooting their linebackers in, got stung as Jurgensen had predicted and quit. The few times they penetrated the good Eagle blocking and put Jurgensen on his back, he accepted his adversity with enough aplomb to disprove the theory that he cannot throw under pressure.

The behind-the-back pass to Retzlaff was no accident, incidentally. Jurgensen was a fine basketball player at Duke University, where he played quarterback on the football team under Bill Murray. In those days Murray regarded the forward pass as a weapon to be used only on third down with eight yards to go, so Jurgensen's tutoring in throwing a football came mostly from Van Brocklin.

"I threw a behind-the-back pass once at Duke," he said after this game. "I completed it, and Murray took me out and dang near kicked me off the squad."

Skorich, who succeeds Buck Shaw as head coach of the Eagles, took Jurgensen's unorthodox passing with much more equanimity. "As long as he hits," he said, grinning. He watched Jurgensen, who by now was answering questions from a large group of sportswriters, handling himself surely and giving articulate, brief explanations of his strategy.

"I think this game made Sonny," said Skorich, who himself did a fine job of coaching. It may have made the Eagles, too, who must have had some doubts. They should not have any now. They are a championship club.

END

# LIFE

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# CASTLES IN SPAIN—AND BAGPIPES, TOO

by ANTHONY CARSON

*Some writers settle for stone castles and weary flamenco dancers. But Anthony Carson, the Briton whose cheerfully bizarre travel sketches were introduced to the U.S. last spring by Sports Illustrated, finds that Catalans build tall towers of men and that Galicia has more—and stranger—pipes than Scotland. Carson wrote the first of the two pieces that follow after a recent visit to Spain. The second is from his book, 'Looking for a Bandit'*

I was having a drink in my local bar in the square of the town hall in Tarragona, Spain when I heard the sound of a whistle and everybody rushed out into the street. Right in the middle of the square was a mass of brawny men with lowered heads riveting themselves together like a football scrum. They were surrounding five men, standing upright, whose arms were linked together, and at the moment I arrived another four men climbed on top of them, standing on their shoulders and also linking their arms. All these men wore red shirts, white trousers, sashes, head scarves and white shoes. Then there was the whisper of a drum which grew into a steady roll, you could feel it in your nerves, and high above the drum, like a lark, soared the notes of a whistle. The sounds tapped in your head and descended to your loins, a magic current ran through the

watching crowds as the third group of men clambered on top of the second. There was a slight wavering and shifting of position, the edifice shuddered into a new form of wholeness, and the whistle soared higher, more imperiously as the next group climbed up and took its position. There was a pause and a fourth group clambered slowly to the top, the drum rolled, and then a fifth took its position.

At this point the construction began to tremble. It trembled from the top right down to its base, and the trembling ran right through the crowd. The drum suddenly grew louder, firmer, it was beating a mounting challenge, and the whistle, clearly and bravely, sang of the serene steadiness of the sky. Five minutes later there were six ranks, with the top rank composed of two men. There was again a fit of trembling, and the structure be-

gan a sickening sway, it did not seem possible for it to right itself. Hundreds of eyes gazed desperately upward, pitting their rays against the danger, until the construction settled again, to be surmounted by yet another man. At this point, emotion was almost at snapping point, and a woman near me began crying. I turned around and recognized a friend of mine called Ignacio. "What do you think of the Castle?" he whispered. "I've never seen anything like it," I said. "What happens next?" "The ascension of the child," said Ignacio. "That is why the woman is crying. She is the mother of the child." "Can't she stop it?" I asked. "No woman has ever refused her child to top the Castle," said Ignacio. "It completes the bravery of the building." The whistle now shrilled its most piercing challenge and the drum rolled thunder. A boy, dressed in gay Castle costume,



began climbing the human rock face to the sky, slowly, prudently but ever ascending, and not for a second did he look down at this mother, praying to Santa Tecla in anguish.

Finally the boy was there, his head was in the blue, his eyes straight with the far line of the sea. He smiled with a prince's pride and raised his hand upward, making the tower of flesh elegant, gallant and complete. The whole edifice shuddered from top to bottom, the boy's eyes continually steady to the sea. The crowds stood hushed. There was a signal from the whistle, a tap from the drum, and suddenly the Castle began to crumble and dissolve, there was absolutely nothing there, nothing but the crowds and the dusty square and the blind lottery man shouting his tickets.

Ignacio, my friend, was very well versed in Catalan custom and, like a good, honest Catalan, thought any manifestation of his own country's genius (you can call it a country rather than a region) superior to the castanets, flamenco and heel-stamping of Spain. He knew everything about the Castles, their history, origin and the rules of the craft. They only assembled, he told me, on certain festivals in Catalonia, the *fiesta* of San Juan in Valls, the *fiesta* of Santa Ursula in October and during the *Fiesta Mayor* in Vilafranca del Penedès. In Tarragona they are constructed during *fiestas* of Santa Tecla and San Magin. Their history is obscure but it appears the Castles themselves originated from a dance called the *moxiganga*. "It's actually being resurrected again," said Ignacio, "from the memory of a very old man who painfully hobbles through the steps in the institute." During the Moroccan conflict in the 19th century the Castles were used in a rather sensational manner. "It was during the leadership of General Prim," said Ignacio. "The general led a body of men to climb over a redoubt in Tetuan when he discovered he had recruits from Valls. Among them

continued

were some *xiquets*, or Castle men. He called them together and explained the nature of the enterprise. They approached the redoubt, formed Castles of eight or nine ranks and filled the defending Moors with terror."

Ignacio and I went to Vallès, where he had some friends who were *xiquets*. We called at a house in the town and I made the acquaintance of Ramón Palleres. He was a wood turner.

We went off to a bar and had a drink. "Actually I am a *segond*," said Ramon. He had a very pleasant, open face. "That's to say I am in the second tier of the Castles. Not as difficult as a Third, but it requires a certain art and strength." "But don't you want to be a Third?" I asked him. "I wouldn't mind, but we always keep to our places by families. For instance my father and grandfather were *segonds*. As a matter of fact, you would make quite a good *segond*."



*Drawings by Mark Simon*

*I woke up in my hotel. "What happened?" I asked. "Nothing much," said Ignacio. "Just a few cats. You went through a plate-glass window."*

"Once upon a time," I said, "perhaps... " "It's not as difficult as all that," he said. "Why not have a shot at a Pillar? As a matter of fact we're doing a Pillar this evening. It's a special job for a wedding."

"What is a Pillar?" I asked. "It's not the same as a Castle," said Ramón. "It's just one man on top of another and then the child on top. There's no human wall underneath. And it's mobile. It can move about anywhere. The real Castle doesn't move. Here the Pillar was born, and here in Vall's Castle was born, and we know more about them than the Tarragona *xiquets* who are only bloody amateurs!" At this point we were joined by a middle-aged, thickset man who was introduced as the cap de colla. He was the castle manager and leader, to whom was owed the perfect discipline of the group. For discipline, even more than strength, is the most necessary virtue of the construction of a Castle, and the *xiquets* obeyed the commands of their cap de colla even in matters relating to their private lives. "For instance," said the cap de colla, looking me up and down, "to make a good *segond*, you'd have to give up drink and do a lot of exercise. And you'd have to learn how to fall—which is almost the most important part of the game. There are quite a lot of casualties still in the hospitals who never learned the art properly."

"I suggested to the English writer," said Ramón, "that he join a modest sort of Pillar." "It's a good idea," said the cap de colla. "We needn't do a large one and we've only got a fairly small boy." I didn't like the idea. "The Pillar would collapse," I said. "You can be a Second," said the cap, "and the two above, added to the boy, are very light." "Very well," I said, reaching for my drink, but the cap de colla immediately removed it. "No more for today," he said. "Not till after work is over." "What I don't quite understand is why you are doing this Pillar," I said. "I thought all these Castles were only done at certain festivals." "This is a special occasion," said Ramón. "It's for a marriage. And the boy who crowns the Pillar is the brother of the *novia*—the

fiancée. You'll soon see how it works."

After lunch I was dressed up in the uniform of the *xiquets*, and we all met in the square near the town hall. A small crowd soon congregated and there was some cheering. The cap de colla made a signal, the whistle fluted and the drum tapped a roll. Then the biggest of the *xiquets* walked out into the open and waited, hunching up his shoulders. "It's your turn," shouted Ramón. "Me!" I said. I knew it, but I held back. Finally I approached the waiting First and somehow or other was pushed up on top of his shoulders. I tried balancing myself up there but fell off. There was more cheering. The next time I clambered up, with a great deal of straining. I managed to stay there, keeping my eyes fixed on the second-floor window of a house opposite. "We'll make it a Pillar of two," cried the cap de colla, "and go and collect the boy at once. It's getting late."

The drum rolled again, the whistle blew, and the two of us started walking. At least, all I had to do was to try to keep still. We walked through the square, down a fairly long street and then the drum beat again, the cap de colla waved and the man under me stopped walking. Just above my head a window opened. "It's the boy," shouted the cap. "Don't look up. Keep still. He's going to clamb down on top of you." "Brace your shoulders," cried Ignacio. I braced my shoulders and waited. It seemed a very long time, and then I felt him coming down on my shoulders. The drum beat, and I started swaying. Hands pressed forward, but it was no good.

I woke up in my hotel room. Ignacio was leaning over me. "What happened?" I asked. "Nothing much," said Ignacio. "Just a few cuts and one or two bruises. You went through a plate-glass window. I've brought the bill with me. The whole art of the game is knowing how to fall."

I have never heard of a student of bagpipes, but I suppose such a thing exists, since nearly everybody is a student of something. When I arrived in Galicia I was very surprised to discover that bagpipes formed the greater part of the national music, and decided, with the help

of wine, *aguardiente*, brandy, and extraordinarily cheap champagne cocktails, to make a study of them. The flower of bagpipe time is during the Feast of the Apostle in Santiago de Compostela, when groups of players accompanied by a man with a tiny drum march through the streets playing tamed Celtic airs. They are dressed in breeches, red stockings, and fluster with ribbons, the great gourd of their pipes slung over their shoulders like a haunch of venison. But it is a sad procession, unwitnessed and unloved, like a robin singing in a cemetery. The people of Santiago are praying or drinking, their great red-haired gods sulking in the mists of the mountains, and nobody gives a damn.

I hadn't been long in Santiago before I met Jonathan Speed. He was a plump man with faraway belligerent eyes who had come to Galicia to study cathedrals. But it was obvious that he was in search of something else, a private phantom, a strange uncredited solution.

One day we heard some bagpipes. They were as wild as wind in the heather, stark with the naked cries of happy murderers in the glens, as Scotch as haggis or as Irish as promises. "Astounding," said Speed. "To hell with cathedrals and progressive jazz. Let us buy bagpipes."

Somebody told us about a master bagpipe manufacturer called Pablo. He made the bagpipes in front of your very eyes as another man makes hats or cigars. And when he had fluted the bagpipes he put the pipe to his lips and Pan blazed in the shop. Pan, and no other. Wonderful, insuperable, lost Pan. "The very thing," said Speed, and we went to the shop with one of those eternal Spanish friends who hunt for you everything from sardines to saints. There, in a lost street, crumpled with children, we entered a shop sweet with new sharpened wood, the hum of a lathe and the royal red blaze of the bagpipe blowers.

"Make me a bagpipe," said Speed. "And me a bagpipe without the bag," I said.

In half an hour the bagpipes were on the counter and in another quarter of an hour I had a pipe as gay as a tinker's donkey. Speed slung the bag over his shoulder, blew on the pipe, there was a

continued

rear like a stuck pig, and a tune came out as brave as a field in May. It was a Northumbrian air, but it made no difference. I blew on my pipe and there was nothing but the wind. "Dance," said Speed, so I danced a vague Hibernian dance, and the children scuttled into the shop and Pablo himself raised the fluted pipe to his mouth and the sawdust room was a world of glowworms. Later we went from feast to feast until one day he suddenly put on a black suit and a Homburg hat and left for England. "My work," he said, Poetry or progressive jazz or cathedrals? I didn't ask him. I am English, but I don't understand the English.

I was alone with the pipe. I started to blow it in my small hotel high up above the Civil Guards, the commercial travelers, the pigs and the hens and the bells. I blew and I blew and not a note came out, just a sound like wind in the wash-sooting, like old men coughing over their pipes in a ruined dormitory. I packed up, paid my hotel bill and left for the village of Ribeira at the end of a bay and went up into the hills. "Look out for wolves, eagles and ghosts," said an old female domestic, who occasionally threw a bucket of water into the Stone Age latrine. She told me about an eagle which had killed an elderly councilor in the

town hall. "It sat outside the window and stared at him," she said. "He died of fright." They came from Portugal and might be dead relatives.

Up in the hills were wonderful wild flowers and tiny bees so industrious that they made you ashamed. I blew on the pipe and certain notes rang on the air like drowned bells. There are seven apertures on the pipe, unevenly placed, and the fingers have to be as nimble as spiders. Also the breath must flow like a great, slow bellows, and the head hold a discipline of harmony, both born and slowly learned. The first pattern of music was a small, broken Moonish melody; it got itself caught in the pipe on its way from Marrakesh or the tinkling market of Tiznit. I played this tune over and over again and got stung by a bee.

This was not what I sought. I craved the lift of the early Galician days when Irish giants sat on their thrones and the storytellers sat under the cedars. And at last, among the wild lilies and the heather, a minute, gasping melody flowed from the pipe. I do not know how. I don't necessarily believe in inspiration and wouldn't care to state that there are obvious reasons for everything. We all



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*I blew on the pipe and certain notes rang like drowned bells.*



have the secret ground which is ourselves —it runs counter to so many orthodox arguments. For me, writing is a certain craft which matures through repetition, but sometimes, in painting, about which I know nothing, I can capture the whole of a small world in a few seconds.

I repeated this pattern of noses and lay back on the heather. A seagull floated over my head but did not speak. About 10 minutes later I heard a flurry over the grass, a rustling and a patter of horn and hoof, and looked around. I was surrounded by sheep. There must have been about five hundred, which meant a thousand eyes, perplexed, inquiring and cold with the cold doubt of sheep. They stood there, ciphers of wool and mutton, with a blaze in their brains. I have never heard of a man being attacked by sheep, but who could tell? I remembered about the eagles and ghosts and stood up. Far away I could hear a man shouting, and presently saw him, a black figure with a looming face. He was waving a pipe, the same fluted shape as mine, and suddenly he sat down, put it to his lips and blew. There was tremble in the wind, a spell of silver and sunlight, and the sheep teetered on their hoofs, flickered their eyes and disappeared.

I sat down and looked at the pipe. It held a fascinating power. It was impossible to resist it. I put it to my lips and blew and the notes scampered over the heather like hares on a bright morning. I hadn't long to wait. In another minute the sheep were back, ringing me round with a wild, thin, staring hope. I was the new messiah of a grassy salvation. Again I could not hear the man shouting, and I got up and walked back to the village, and entered the inn and began drinking at the bar.

"A good day?" asked the proprietor, polishing the glasses.

"A good day," I said. "I've learned to play a tune on the pipe."

"Play it," said the proprietor with a laugh.

I lifted the pipe to my lips and the notes fell out of it like dice.

"I never heard a tune like that," said the proprietor, filling my glass.

It was about five minutes later that the first sheep trotted into the inn. **END**

# Let's all go native



There was a time when practically any import was sure-fire with the sophisticated set. French furniture, English woollens, Scotch and Canadian whiskey...if it came from abroad, it had to be good. *But today a new pride in things native is being evidenced by the rise in popularity of Kentucky bourbon.*

Folks are learning to choose their whiskey not on the basis of an import stamp—but on how good it tastes. And for a long time now, Kentucky, U.S.A. has produced the tastiest whiskey in the world... bourbon!



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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Even baseball's finest players have had difficulty maintaining top-level performances from one year to the next. At this time last season there were a dozen .300 hitters in the AL. Just two, Roy Sievers and Jim Gentile, are again hitting .300. Whitey Ford, Jim Burnham and Don Mossi are the only pitchers to keep their ERAs below 3.50 in both years. And Frank Lary, 10-10 in August 1960 and 15-6 now, is the lone pitcher so far to win 10 or more both times. Three of the NL's seven .300 batters last year are in that category now. They are Willie Mays, Bill White and Roberto Clemente. Four pitchers have ERAs under 3.50: Mike McCormick, Johnny Podres, Elroy Face and Ray Sadecki. Of the 13 pitchers who last August had 10 or more wins, just four—Bob Purkey, Bob Friend, Warren Spahn and Lou Burdette—are again in that group.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

It was not easy to do, but Bubba Morton of Detroit stepped on teammate Dick McAuliffe's head. Morton, not realizing his pop fly had been caught by Twins pitcher Jack Kralick, sped for first base and was unable to avoid McAuliffe, who tried in vain to beat a double play by sliding headlong back to the bag. If McAuliffe, who got a broken nose, felt bad, Cleveland Manager Jimmie Dykes felt worse. At least the Tigers won four of six. The Indians lost five of six. They hit four homers in one game and lost. Then they hit three and lost again. Next it was two—and another loss. Finally, with

just one home run, they beat Chicago, which moved to within one and a half games of the Indians. Luis Aparicio hit two homers in two days after getting 17 in 847 previous games. This gave him three for the year, but left him 97 games behind Babe Ruth's schedule. New York's Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris had one homer each but stayed more than a dozen games ahead of Ruth's pace. In all, the Yankees, who had 32 home runs in 14 earlier games, got just five in 10 tries. Los Angeles hit five in one day, then only three in its other six games and won three of seven. The team doctor advised that Reliever Art Fowler, 38, be rested more. Fowler, who pitched in 17 of 26 games, agreed. Manager Bill Rigney, however, heard only the staccato of Boston bats and used Fowler in both ends of a doubleheader. Fowler pitched only one and two-thirds innings, gave up six runs and, after not losing in six weeks, suffered two defeats. Boston's Bill Mosbyquette also lost twice, but around those defeats were some timely late-inning hits and five wins. Miserable hitting led to four straight Minnesota losses and a drop from seventh to ninth. Jim Kaat pitched well against Baltimore, but, trying to throw out a runner trapped between bases, he threw the ball all the way to the center-field wall. "It proved," Kaat said, "I still had plenty of stuff on the ball." Baltimore pitchers, too, had plenty on the ball, holding the opposition to 15 runs in eight games. Oriole batters, though, got only 22 runs, and the team lost three times. Washington had much the same trouble but still won twice and took over seventh. Kansas City stayed put. Not even good pitching by Norm Lary and Bob Shaw could bring the Athletics within six games of ninth place.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The students and faculty of baseball's "finishing school"—better known as the bullpen—were shaken to their sweat socks. For the second week in a row San Francisco Manager Al Dark's experiment into bullpen at all got fine results. Juan Marchal, Mike McCormick and Jack Sanford, Dark's three best starters, were told they would get no relief. Before Dark's edict these pitchers had just 13 complete games in 34 starts. Since then, five of their six tries (Sanford was replaced in the 10th inning once) have resulted in complete games and four wins. Johnny Keane, St. Louis manager, used much the same theory, and Larry Jackson,



**LIVELY OLDTIMERS** were the Braves' Frank Thomas (.500 BA, three HRs, seven RBIs) and Red Sox' Vic Wertz (.417 BA, six RBIs).

who finished just two of 11 previous starts, has had four complete games in six attempts and four wins. Heavy hitting by Joe Cunningham (.563) enabled the Cardinals to win four of six. Pittsburgh, despite Roberto Clemente's .545 BA, had a 2-3 record for the week and fell to sixth place. Philadelphia rose to first place—in double plays. Ruben Amaro, a ubiquitous and almost flawless shortstop, was the prime reason. Still, the Phillies lost six more, making it 12 of 13. Three of the losses were to Cincinnati. The Reds kept Leo Cárdenas (.500) at shortstop, won five of seven and took the lead from Los Angeles. Larry Sherry pitched five and a third innings of one-hit relief for one of the Dodgers' three victories. Milwaukee had little need of relief pitching, getting five complete-game wins in seven starts. Warren Spahn won twice and posed himself for the one remaining triumph needed to reach the 300 mark. Hank Aaron singled to win one game and hit two homers as Spahn won his 299th game 2-1. Chicago's George Altman got two home runs to beat the Dodgers 4-2 and tied a team record, set in 1884, of at least one homer by the Cubs in each of 14 consecutive games. Nevertheless, Head Coach El Tappe fretted about the use of 169 relief pitchers in 104 games. Al Dark may have another convert shortly.

## RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Total Runs Produced
Robinson, Cal (.342)	92	69 187
Mays, SF (.312)	93	54 144
Akers, Mil (.325)	84	59 143
Casper, SF (.319)	67	58 125
Gonzalez, Phil (.380)	73	50 123
Boyer, St. L. (.317)	78	47 125
Piazza, Cal (.300)	79	46 116
White, St. L. (.307)	68	49 117

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Mason, NY (.284)	97	66 163
Mantle, NY (.326)	94	54 150
Gonzalez, Det. (.298)	85	60 150
Cook, Det. (.355)	91	45 144
Gentile, Phil (.308)	67	69 136
Kalene, Det. (.304)	84	48 130
Robinson, Minn. (.313)	67	53 120
Lary, Cal. (.255)	95	44 117

\* Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBIs.

## FEWEST WALKS PER 9 INNINGS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	IP	BB	Avg
Sandette, Phil	132	27	1.09
Purkey, Cal	170	36	1.98
Friend, Phil	186	32	1.79
Curry, Cal	106	24	2.04

AMERICAN LEAGUE	IP	BB	Avg
Deane, Wash	120	89	1.43
Brown, Phil	117	21	1.62
Wright, Phil	183	33	1.84
McGraw, Wash	149	33	1.99

## MOST STRIKEOUTS PER 9 INNINGS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	IP	SO	Avg
Kauf, LA	173	89	9.47
Jones, SF	112	95	7.63
Williams, LA	361	139	7.95
Depshole, LA	452	122	7.27

AMERICAN LEAGUE	IP	SO	Avg
Freeman, Minn	302	146	7.78
Forsyth, Cal	94	76	7.28
Ford, NY	198	136	7.09
Bell, Cal	148	118	7.09

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### THE RECORD

Sirs:

Walter Bingham's *Assault on the Record* (July 31) said something that has needed saying for some time. His realistic attitude is commendable.

JOHN C. HENDRICKSON

Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations to Walter Bingham for his assault on the record—worst article I've ever read.

LAWRENCE H. DOYLE

Birmingham, Mich.

Sirs:

Bingham states that "a season is a season, no matter how many games are played." That is tantamount to saying that a horse circling a six-furlong track in 1:30 is better than one circling a mile track in 1:35. Really, I can't believe you're serious about printing this guy's stuff.

R. W. DEISINGER

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

Under Bingham's theory a 100-yard-dash man could breast the finish tape first, but if a second runner passed him five yards beyond the finish line the second man would be the winner.

Possibly Bingham should try out for the State Department in Washington, where his type of pseudo dialectics is more in demand.

C. C. MINOR

Decatur, Ill.

Sirs:

"After all, 'a season is a season,'" but 155 games are 155 games.

JOHN ORBAN

Cheltenham, Pa.

Sirs:

I predict that Mickey Maule and Roger Maris will hit 65 HRs each to power Whitey Ford to a 38-game season as the Tigers win the pennant.

BOB CLARK

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

At the rate of 3.44 at bats per game, the rate he set last season, Mickey Mantle will be at bat 557 times this season in 162 games. This is only 17 more at bats than Ruth had in 1927 in 151 games.

On the other hand, Roger Maris, at last year's rate of 3.67 at bats per game, will bat 595 times in 162 games. In the 50 to 60 extra at bats, Maris can hit as many as seven or eight home runs.

Nevertheless, it is my belief that the eight extra games should be void as far as the record is concerned; many batters have been at bat at least 595 times in a 154-game season, so why should it make any difference in a 162-game season?

JOEL D. TAUBRO

Dallas

### MODELING CLAY

Sirs:

Did you ever get the feeling that that so-called "fantasy marvel" Cassius Clay (*Fast Talk and a Slow Fight*, July 31) is merely being built up for the biggest letdown since Primo Carnera?

ED ASHER

El Paso

Sirs:

If Cassius Clay wants a crack at Floyd Patterson and the heavyweight champion, he'd better be a better boxer than he thinks he is.

DAVE MCCOY

Alhambra, Pa.

### FIT CHALLENGE

IN SPITE OF NASTY CRACKS AT THE PEOPLE WHO WILL HAVE TO DO THE LARGE SHARE OF THE WORK, I THOUGHT READER WROTE WELL ABOUT THE FITNESS PROGRAM (Chapman to Bud Wilkinson, July 31) HOPE WILKINSON AND KENNEDY SET THE POINT.

DEL T. BIRTEFFER  
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION  
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Sirs:

I see so flabby kids in my neighborhood. STEPHEN CALLAGHAN

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

With pediatricians, psychiatrists and some educators condemning sports for junior high school students because of the emotional trauma and exploitation, it is refreshing to see Mr. Maule's comments. I have found that those national leaders who criticize athletics have never played any sports themselves.

FRANK E. BARNES JR., M.D.  
Smithfield, N.C.

# HOW PROUDLY DO WE HAIL?

Sirs:

It has become increasingly disturbing to me to hear the traditional rendition of our national anthem before athletic contests played at a rushed, let's-get-this-necessary-evil-over-in-a-hurry tempo, and to see many athletes and fans treat it in such a lackadaisical manner.

When played properly and given the proper attention, *The Star-Spangled Banner* is a most inspiring piece.

In these days of materialism and the lowering of our adherence to many of our hard-earned principles and heritages to the level of lip service, mention of this situation in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* might help restore at least this one tradition to its deserved position of respect and inspiration.

WESLEY H. BEATTIE

Melrose, Mass.

## RED RAINBOW

Sirs:

A note of appreciation for SCORECARD's comments on "Voice of the Reds" (July 3). The question now, of course, is will success spoil Wally Hoyer?

MRS. JACK NUTTER

Newark, Ohio

Sirs:

More power to the Redlegs, but I think that the faults of Mr. Hoyt far outweigh his virtues as a baseball announcer. We don't look forward to games interrupted by rain to enjoy his announcing.

EDWARD E. CINCOSKI, S.J.

Milford, Ohio

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In the 1870s, when the highly mobile Nez Percé Indians of the Pacific Northwest were outnumbering 10 times their number of U.S. Cavalry, much of the credit was due to the appaloosa—the tireless, tractable horse the Indians had bred for generations. The Nez Percé were finally defeated, of course, and the appaloosa became a forgotten breed, destined for slow extinction. By the late 1940s, when appaloosa-admirer George Hatley of Moscow, Idaho founded the first all-

appaloosa horse show in an effort to bring scattered owners together, registrations numbered fewer than 200.

Now, largely through Hatley's efforts, the horse with the spotted white flanks and the shuffling walk is again a familiar sight in the West. As of this year appaloosa registrations numbered 14,000. "After the shows got started," says Hatley, "the appaloosas popularized themselves. Once the people in the stands saw them, they couldn't help but like them."



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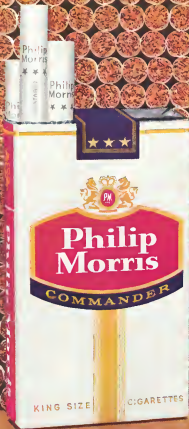


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